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### WEARINESS.

BY MARY A. M'IVER.

I gaze out on this glorious night;
But oh, it is with saddened eyes;
For me in vain the moon's soft light
With radiance floods the skies.

The clustered stars for me no more
With words of mystic meaning shine,
For the sweet peace I felt of yore
Can never more be mine.

This world, oh, it is full of wrongs,
And he who would escape them best,
Must battle 'gainst o'erpowering throngs,
And dearly purchase rest.

But the faint spirit only fails
In its blind struggles for the right;
And when the voice of duty calls,
It only prays for light.

And when the glorious hopes of youth
Would spurn the will irresolute,
And speak the clear, brave words of truth,
Fear ever holds them mute.

Then turns the timid heart away
From fierce, conflicting scenes of strife,
At Mercy's feet awhile to lay
Its heavy loads of life.

So, on this night, so soft, so mild,
When it is almost sin to weep,
I long, like some poor weary child,
To sob myself to sleep.

# THE LILY OF ST. ERNE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ESTHER'S SECRET," "HELENA LYLE," ETC.

## CHAPTER IX.

### HOW THE CHASE IN WHICH MAX ENGAGED PROGRESSED AND ENDED.

When Max entered the low-ceilinged, badly-lighted emporium, a woman was already at the counter, purchasing some stationery. She started, and moved aside, drawing down her veil as he approached, and bending over the goods she was selecting in such a manner as to wholly conceal her face from view.

If it had not been for these movements, he might not have noticed her at all; but he came from a country where the eye and ear are tutored as to be constantly on the alert, and her desire to avoid him was quickly detected.

Max made a close survey of her. She was neatly and simply clothed; a dark stuff dress, a black shawl, and an old-fashioned bonnet—the attire, in every respect, of a decent, homely farmer's wife. That she was not young, the squat, set figure revealed, as well as the hand she had ungloved while inspecting some envelopes; and, rather amused at her evident desire to avoid observation, he turned from her and began inquiring for the article he wished to procure.

Finishing her purchases in haste, the woman paid for them, and still with her face carefully averted, took up her parcel and left the shop. The proprietor was at the door arranging some packages, and civilly bade her good morning as she passed him.

The words were hurriedly responded to in full, deep, and rather harsh tones, which no sooner reached the ears of Max, than he forgot what he was saying to the shopman.

Where had he heard those strangely familiar tones? Ah! now he knew; now he remembered well enough, and guessed why she had striven to avoid him. The voice to which he had been listening was the voice of Esther, that mysterious friend and companion of Mistress Letty, to whose influence he attributed the young widow's refusal to see him. From her everything was to be learned, if he could but convince her that no dishonorable motives dictated his curiosity. From her might be gleaned a clue to Letty's present abode, her reasons for hiding herself, and for assuming the name and disguise which she wore; and telling himself this, Max hurried from the shop, determined to follow her.

One glance up and then down the street. Had she already evaded him? Nay, surely that was her chocolate skirt disappearing round the corner of a house some fifty yards off. Yes, it was she; and with reckless haste he dashed across the road, and up the village in hot pursuit.

The impetuous Max had not gone many steps before the curious looks cast at him by the women standing at their doors, as well as the few persons he met, reminded him that it would be wise to moderate his pace, and act with more circumspection. He, therefore, resolved to content himself with keeping the woman in sight, and this was easily done when she quitted the narrow alley into which she had turned, for a path across the fields, leading towards the coast.

But as she climbed the heap of stones that take the place of a stile in some parts of the county, she glanced over her shoulder, and discovered that she was pursued. That this discovery was a very unpleasant one her actions speedily evinced, for after pausing for a few seconds in evident incertitude and distress, she changed her course, and began to make for some tangled coppices that formed the boundaries of an estate lying between the town and Penruan Abbey. Once there, she doubtless thought that by plunging into the depths of the woodland, it would be easy enough to evade a person so thoroughly unacquainted with the locality as Max must be; and sometimes walking, but more frequently running, she pursued her way, not venturing to look back, lest it should delay her.

But nearly a mile of rough road lay between the flying woman and the copse in which she thought to hide; and the long, steady strides of the Californian still brought him nearer and nearer, in spite of her exertions.

At last the bank surrounding the trees was reached, but, as she climbed it, Max ascended also, and was by her side.

Still, after one sharp glance at him, she walked on, more leisurely, perhaps, than before, and waited for him to accost her; but he contented himself with keeping pace with her, turning when she turned; or when the path was too narrow for them to walk abreast, following in her footsteps.

Again she turned her eyes upon him, as if longing to penetrate his motives for this silent pertinacity; and Max met her gaze without flinching. But still he remained mute; and, muttering something to herself, she began to wander at random, up one path and then down another, frequently returning to the spot from where she started, as if thus hoping to weary him into quitting her; a vain hope, as she presently discovered.

At last tired, hot, and angry, she sat her back against a tree, threw up her veil, and sharply expostulated.

"What do you mean by this strange behavior, sir? Why do you follow me?"

"Because I am anxious to know where you reside, and have no other way of discovering your abode."

"And so you are going to *force* me into showing you? Would it not be more gentlemanly to put the question to me, and let me have the option of telling or refusing, as I think proper?"

"It would," was frankly admitted; "and if I had seen any reason to believe that you would tell me the truth, I would have done so. But you are not my friend—you never have been. Your anxiety to avoid me is a sufficient proof that you will show me no favor; and as I am determined to see Mistress Letty, I am obliged to have recourse to the measures of which you complain."

"Why do you wish to see her?" the woman demanded, suspiciously.

"Because I value her good opinion too highly to be satisfied till I have convinced her that I am not the dishonorable fellow she seemed inclined to think me."

"She has had your letter," he was curtly informed.

"But the answer? I have received no answer to it. Why cannot I hear it from her own lips? Why does she so obstinately refuse me an interview? While she continues to do this, how can I hope that I am forgiven?"

"Letty has granted you too many interviews, Mr. Haverying," the woman retorted. "I was opposed to it from the beginning. It was a foolish piece of business altogether; and if you have a spark of generosity or good feeling in you, why you will neither torment her nor me any longer."

"It is as I told you," said Max, brusquely. "You prejudiced yourself against me, even when I lay before you helpless, and apparently dying. What offence have I given that you treat me with such galling distrust, and strive to imbue others with your unjust notions?"

"Well, sir, and if we come to that," she answered, looking intently at him, "what reason have I to think well of you? You meet with an accident, and are kindly taken care of by a poor old man; and you repay him by talking nonsense to his niece, and striving to pry into her affairs. At the same time, you take care to keep your own secret. It isn't till you are on the point of leaving the cottage that the truth leaks out, and you confess that you are a relative of Squire Penruan!"

"Is it a crime to be related to him?"

"No, sir; but it's very certain that one who can call himself cousin to such a rich gentleman as the Squire, wouldn't look for a wife in a fisherman's cottage; and it would do Letty no good to be seen talking too often to visitors at the Abbey."

"Is Letty your daughter?"

"Not by birth. I wish she were. I am her aunt Esther; and now, sir, I'll trouble you to let me go my way. I've answered quite questions enough that mean nothing!"

But Max did not move even when she emphatically repeated her request. There was so much justice in what she said, that it was difficult, indeed, to press his desire to see Mistress Letty. And yet, to forego that pleasure—to quit England without beholding her—ah! the thought made him grasp the woman's hand impetuously.

"It is no use. I must and will see her, even if it be but to hear her say one word of farewell. I never intentionally vexed her. So far from prying into her secrets, I strove to subdue my curiosity, and obey her lightest injunctions. Remind her of this. Assure her from me that I had no hidden motive for my silence respecting Mr. Penruan; in fact, that I scarcely thought of him while I was at Dan Calynack's cottage."

"Well, sir; and when I have told her all this, what then?" asked the woman drily.

MAX EXAMINES THE SECRET PANEL.

"Then entreat her to see me. If you consent to the interview, I cannot think that she will refuse it."

"It would do no good. It would only make her more——"

But here she paused, and mused awhile, Max waited almost breathlessly for her decision. It was as he feared it would be—an adverse one.

"No, sir; I can't consent to any more meetings, for I fail to see the use of them. My poor Letty's very awkwardly situated—I don't mind telling you that much; and there's danger in—in her coming here, that she ought not to incur without a better reason for it than an idle young gentleman's wishes."

"What are her own?" asked Max. "Are not they to be consulted? Is it solely by her own desire that she avoids me?"

The woman hesitated, as she replied, "Letty has said more than once that she cannot put any trust in the honor or good feeling of a Penruan."

"What has Mr. Penruan done to make her speak and think so bitterly of every one connected with him? For goodness sake, tell me; for I am sick of this tormenting mystery!"

"Nay, sir," she answered, retreating from him; "it's not my place to find fault with the Squire; and even if I do think my Letty has cause for what she says, it would not be wise to make a confidant of one of his nearest relations, would it?"

"I have no desire to learn anything to Mr. Penruan's prejudice," said Max, haughtily; "though I protest against evil motives or doings being imputed to me, because his father and mine claimed kinship. Once again, I ask you if you will permit Mistress Letty to see me? You can be present at our meeting; I care not who hears what I have to say. But I am so fully convinced by what you have admitted that it is your influence keeps us apart, that I'll not rest till I have found her. If you will not assist me to do so, I will try what my own efforts will effect."

"And you don't care what mischief you do, so that you can carry out your own wilful intentions!" said Esther, bitterly. "Sir, this poor child has suffered enough without your bringing more troubles upon her head!"

"I will do nothing to injure her—I swear it!" he answered, with all the fervor of truth. "Make what conditions you please, and I will abide by them; I will await your time for the interview, and it shall be as brief as you please. Only give me the opportunity of exculpating myself—of hearing her say that she will not mistrust me. I ask no more!"

"And for the selfish pleasure of hearing a simple girl say that she believes you to be a man of honor, you persist in seeing her, in spite of my warning that it may do her harm. Oh, sir, your own wilful wishes must be dearer than Letty's comfort or safety, or you would not keep urging me to do what I feel to be so unwise."

"If you can say, *with truth*, that Mistress Letty will run any risk by granting me this interview," said the perplexed Max, looking terribly disappointed, "I must renounce my wish. But it is indeed hard to do so—very hard!"

"Nay, sir; you'll not regret it, by-and-by," said Esther, her face brightening as his grew sad. "And Letty's prayers will be with you wherever you go!"

"Stay!" said Max. "You hint at troubles that menace her. She herself has spoken in a similar manner; and it is plain that you think so meanly of me as to imagine that I shall go away from Cornwall, leaving her to overcome her difficulties unaided. But in this you are mistaken. I will not press her to see me while you forbid it; but, on the other hand, I refuse to quit the neighborhood till Mistress Letty can herself convince me that she has nothing to fear."

"You are playing false with me, Mr. Haverying!" cried the vexed woman. "At one moment, you profess to give up your own inclinations; at the next, you insist upon haunting the poor child! I suppose you will end in making her more miserable than she is already!"

"Be just to me, if you can!" was the reply. "I have promised to wait Mistress Letty's own time for the renewal of our acquaintance, and also that I will do nothing that she forbids, nor seek to discover her secrets; but I should be dishonored in my own opinion, if I went away knowing that I leave her, to use your own words, in difficulty and danger. By staying quietly here, I cannot harm her; by going, I rob myself of the chance of serving her hereafter!"

"I suppose, sir, you'll please yourself, let me say what I will?" the woman tartly remarked. "So I'll bid you good-day!"

Max would have pressed a sovereign into her hand for a new ribbon, but the gift was proudly rejected.

"I am in a good situation, sir, and earn enough to buy all I want, without accepting presents from any one!"

She walked on, but still Max kept beside her; and when by a look she protested against this, he once more laid his hand upon her arm.

"You leave me more perplexed than I was before I saw you; but of that I will not complain. If you are conscientiously doing your duty by Mistress Letty, I must respect your conduct, much as it grieves me!"

She curtsied, and looked gratified by the frank admission.

"But still," he went on, "I think that you might have shown some consideration for my perplexities. It is but little that I ask now; a few lines from Letty herself, in reply to my letters."

"And then, sir, you'd write again, and——"

"I will do nothing of the kind, if Letty forbids it," he hastened to reply.

Esther furtively glanced at the handsome, earnest face of the Californian, and her own visibly softened. Surely there was no treachery lurking in those honest blue eyes, and against her will she yielded.

"When I see her, I'll tell her that she can write if she likes."

"When you see her!" he repeated. "Why, then she is not at St. Erne?"

"No, Mr. Haverying."

"Nor residing with you?"

"I hold a confidential situation, sir, in the family of a gentleman in this neighborhood."

"Then, why do you object to my knowing your address?" he demanded, suspiciously.

The woman reddened.

"Tisn't that, sir. I daresay you can know where I live soon enough, if you take any further trouble about me; but I didn't wish to give you an opportunity of asking me any more questions about Letty. That was my reason for trying to avoid you."

"And she is not with you, and I must submit to a longer delay!" Max exclaimed. "But you will deliver my message at the earliest moment? Promise me this!"

"Yes," said Esther; "and the answer you ask for shall be at Daniel Calynack's in three days from the present." Then, as if instantly repenting her pledge, she raised her clasped hands, and with features working convulsively ejaculated, "I pray forgiveness if I have done wrong; and may every hour of your future life be turned into a curse, if by look, word or deed you wrong those that trust in your honor!"

She darted away among the trees—ashamed perhaps, of this outbreak of excited feeling—and Max walked slowly back to the Abbey, rejoicing over the ray of light that pierced the clouds—the prospect of a letter from Mistress Letty at last!

As if eager to banish all recollections of his churlish behavior, Mr. Penruan had become more gracious than ever to his young guest, and even included Eleanor Haydon in his courtesies. Under the influence of his good humor, Mrs. Penruan gained courage to emerge from her chamber, and resume her place on her invalid couch in the drawing-room, and to casual observers all was sunshine once more.

"We must try and prevail with Max"—he had even reached the length of calling his kidsman by his Christian name—"we must prevail with him, Nelly, to stay with us all the summer."

"Why, sir?" said Eleanor, looking up from her work, and trying to attract his attention.

But Mr. Penruan laughed and rubbed his hands together, without appearing at all disconcerted.

"Why, indeed? Need I tell you that I wish it because he is a great acquisition to our small family, and your mother unites with me in hoping that he will not be in too great a hurry to leave us. Do you not, Matilda?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Penruan, languidly. "My sufferings make me a poor companion for young people, but I like to see them enjoy themselves; and if you think, John, that there is anything you can do to make Mr. Haverying's visit an agreeable one, I shall be most happy."

Max so warmly thanked her for her kind speech, that she was aroused to make another.

"We have never associated much with our neighbors, on account of my health, and——" she glanced at her husband, and colored slightly—"and for other reasons; but if we could gather enough people together for a pic-nic or a croquet party, I would try and nerve myself to receive the guests. Or Eleanor might do that," she added, with increasing eagerness, "and I could appear afterwards, and be carried in a palanquin round the grounds. I could have the cushions I recline upon covered with some pretty Oriental-looking material, and my maid could make up that Bengal silk—it is just the tint for my complexion, and—"

"But here Mr. Penruan broke in with a very decided, "My dear Matilda, it is not to be thought of. I cannot let you risk your precious life by such exertions!"

The lady put her handkerchief to her eyes; she was just finding out that the *role* of an invalid was not always a pleasant one, and there was an awkward pause.

"But Mr. Haverying will stay will he not?" she asked, presently. "I should like to have the mournful gratification of knowing that he will follow me to my grave. And, John, dear, I should like to be buried at Torquay, because the air of that place always suited me so well."

"Mamma," cried Eleanor, jumping up, "it is too ridiculous when you rush from a pic-nic to an elaborate funeral; and the same objection applies to both, doesn't it, Mr. Penruan?—the *expense*. Captain Renton will be here shortly, and he and Mr. Haverying must contrive to amuse each other while they consent to vegetate at this dull hole."

"Renton going to honor us with a visit?" commented the Squire, blandly. "Indeed! you surprise me."

"Not at all, sir!" his step-daughter retorted. "For I happen to know that it is with your sanction that he is coming."

"Ah! I remember now; he did say something about it," answered Mr. Penruan, in a careless manner. "You will have two guests to entertain, Nelly; quite an onerous task for you, my child; but you are a young lady of great tact and resources—*great tact*. If you should feel inclined to join me presently, Mr. Haverying, you will find me in the forcing house."

## CHAPTER X.

### HOW MAX WAS VIEWED AND JUDGED BY JAUNDICED EYES.

So saying, he went away, leaving Eleanor frowning, biting her lip, and musing angrily over the sneer his words conveyed. Max who had been trying to lend a patient hearing while Mrs. Penruan detailed some of her symptoms, released himself as soon as she turned from him to caress Fan-fan, and joined her daughter.

"Your grave looks are not very complimentary to Captain Renton, Cousin Eleanor! One would almost think that you regret his coming."

"Do you believe in the doctrine of transmigration?" she asked, so abruptly that he stared and laughed.

"Not I. Does any one now-a-days?"

"Yes," she replied; "I do. It is one of my greatest comforts to think that the mean, grinding, detestably wicked spirit of John Penruan may be looking at me through the medium of the horse I call Ursa Minor. It is but a foolish fancy, perhaps, but the quadruped and the human animal are so much alike—each so craftily watching their opportunity to wound me to the death, that I cannot help cherishing it!"

Max drew her arm through his, and led her on to the terrace, to which the long, French casements opened.

"My dear cos, I don't like to hear you talk in *this* strain; it will end in making you hard and unwomanly."

"Do not years of wrong-doing and oppression make all of us so?" she retorted.

"I think not; at least, not always. And you, with your youth and beauty, your quick appreciation of all that is good and lovely, must not degenerate into anything unfeminine!"

Eleanor's lips began to relax, but she sighed impatiently.

"It is so easy for outsiders to talk; and I dare say, in years to come, if you hear of me as a shrewish, disagreable, strong-minded woman, you will shake your head with the rest and say that it is the natural result of giving away to my ill-humors in my youth. No one will take the trouble to lift the curtain and ascertain what made me thus!"

"But, Eleanor, the capricious moods of Mr. Penruan must not be allowed to affect the whole course of your life," Max remonstrated. "You take too much heed of them; you let them harass you, when they really are not worth notice."

"Are they not? Yet do you think he is a pleasant person to live with?" she asked, with a glance at the arm on which the marks of his violence were still visible.

"By no means!" Max answered. "On the contrary, I feel that under any circumstances, I should not agree with him long; for which reason I have hesitated about accepting his invitation. Still, if compelled to be an inmate of his house, I would do my best to avoid clashing with him."

"For instance, you would not make bitter retorts, nor sting him with puny sarcasms every time he plays the hypocrite," said Eleanor, sighing again. "And you are right; I do but aggravate my annoyances by taking this course; but my spirit rises against the man! I cannot like—I cannot respect him; and, of late, the patience I used to exert has failed me—quite failed me."

"I wish I could help or advise you to some purpose," said Max, kindly.

"Thanks, but unless you knew all, it would be impossible, and although we have drifted somehow into very confidential intimacy, I don't feel justified in telling you a long story, to the prejudice of your host."

"Neither should I like to hear it," was the candid reply, "for reviving old grievances is not the way to get rid of the present ones. I'd rather help you to make light of your troubles, and comfort yourself with the recollection that every cloud has a silver lining."

"Ay, but we don't see that lining till the storm has burst, and the lightning has scathed us!" she reminded him.

"How hopelessly you talk!" Max exclaimed, and Eleanor burst into a laugh, as she glanced at his grave face.

"And how romantically, eh? You will begin to think my trials must be great indeed, if they compel me to talk so like a tragedy queen! Suppose I take your advice for a while, and banish them from my thoughts. I ought to be very happy, for am I not, as you just told me, young and—what else is it?—oh, beautiful; the word is yours, Mr. Max, not mine, remember; and am I not to be dowered with forty thousand pounds if I marry with the consent of my guardians? Did not Mr. Penruan give you this last little morsel of information as soon as you arrived at the Abbey?"

She looked at Max so keenly that he was rather confused, but he answered readily enough, "Mr. Penruan said something about your being handsomely dowered the first day I dined here. I noticed it, because he added that to the man who was so fortunate as to win your affections, you would be a treasure in yourself. I was pleased to hear him do you such justice."

"A treasure in myself!" Eleanor repeated, "Oh, if I were!" and when next he glanced at her, he found that she was weeping. Without appearing to notice these signs of an emotion he could not comprehend, he drew her on, and began expatiating

on the scenery, either comparing it with that of America, or talking of the splendid tropical flowers that grew around his dwelling there, until she had regained her composure.

By this time they had wandered as far as the cliffs, and Max pointed out the spot from whence he must have fallen.

"This reminds me," cried Eleanor, as she seated herself on a mound of wild thyme, "that I questioned one of my servants, a woman from St. Erne, about your widow, and she said that Mrs. Rayne was merely staying at her uncle's for the benefit of her health, which had been affected by family troubles, and was not likely to come here again."

Max thanked her for the information, but made no comment upon it, although Eleanor looked as if she would have liked to know why he had testified such extraordinary interest in the relict of the dissolute Tom Rayne. So the conversation turned somehow upon Charles Renton, whose arrival would probably take place on the morrow.

"We have known Charlie ever since he and I were children together, romping about the knees of my own dear father," said Eleanor. "But we lost sight of each other after papa's health obliged him to live in a warmer climate, and when we came back to England, it was difficult to recognize in the tall, soldierly young man, my old playmate."

"I was very favorably impressed with Captain Renton," Max observed.

"He was a general favorite, unfortunately for himself," was the reply, "for his social qualities induced him to enter the army—the worst of all professions for a young man who has nothing but his pay."

"Is he so poor?" exclaimed her auditor.

"Yes. His father was extravagant, and the son pays the penalty. What property remained at the death of Mr. Renton, Charlie gave up to the creditors, and left himself nothing but his commission."

"He did right," said Max promptly.

"Yes," said Eleanor—"quite right," but there was such a sorrowful inflection in her voice, that Max began to seek for the reason.

"You commend him, and yet you speak as if you regretted what he had done."

"Do I? Perhaps I was thinking of something else. You have not seen the Logan, or Rocking Stone, yet, Mr. Haverying? What say you to riding with me to view it this afternoon?"

"I shall be delighted, on condition that you do not ride Ursa Minor."

"Then we must be content to jog along on the steady old ponies that draw mamma's phaeton when she exerts herself sufficiently to go out, for Mr. Penruan permits no one to bestride his own horse, and he will not keep one for me."

"Let us have the ponies, by all means," said Max, "then I can enjoy the landscape without being in mortal terror for your safety."

Eleanor laughed, and went away to put on her habit, and ask the housekeeper to pack some luncheon in the haversack, with which she invested her companion. The ride proved a delightful one, for as soon as they had emerged from the grounds of the Abbey, the beautiful and vivacious girl cast care to the winds, and gave herself up to the enjoyment of the hour. Nor was it until they were walking their tired steeds up the avenue, at the close of the excursion, that the shadow began to settle down upon her brows once more.

"It has been a most enjoyable day," said Max. "I shall often look back upon it when I am once more quietly domiciled at Aquas Dolces."

"Do not speak of it, lest I learn to envy you the power of running away from Penruan whenever you please."

"If I do possess the power, I am in no hurry to exercise it," was the smiling retort. "It will be a black day in my calendar when I am obliged to say a long farewell to the belle of Penruan, the kind cox who has made my stay here such a pleasant one."

"Shall you remain with us for the summer, as Mr. Penruan proposes?" asked Eleanor, leaning over her pony's neck to pat his head.

"What does *la belle* say about it?" Max gaily queried, in his turn. "Shall I be in the way if I do?"

"I don't understand you," she replied so coldly, that, fearing to offend her by a more pointed allusion to Captain Renton, he explained away his unlucky speech.

"I should have said, am I likely to prove a bore to you? Mr. Penruan has inflicted on you the office of entertaining me, and I can fancy how fatiguing such a task must sometimes prove."

Eleanor did not immediately reply, and finding this, Max added, "You may be quite frank with me, my dear cousin. You will not offend me by saying that such a lengthened visit will be too great a trial of your good nature."

Still Eleanor did not speak till Max Haverying had leaped from his horse, and was holding up his arms to assist her in dismounting. Then looking steadily into his face, although hers was hot with blushes, she said, "I should like you to stay, Max, if you would always be to me what you are now—a friend, a brother; but for both our sakes, don't be persuaded or lured into falling in love with me!"

"I'm afraid," he answered, his bronzed cheek blushing too, "that the caution would have been a useless one, if I hadn't given my heart away before I saw you."

"Is it so?" and Eleanor smiled again as if a load were taken off her spirits. "Ah, cousin Max, I shall not rest content with such a half confidence as this! You will have no peace now till you have told me more."

"Agreed," said Max, "if you promise to give me secret for secret."

But blushing more vividly than before, the young lady gathered up her habit, and ran away.

"She is a charming girl, Mr. Haverying," said Eleanor's step-father, as the gentlemen sat together after dinner, with that sour light wine before them, that Max only sipped for form's sake, and Mr. Penruan drank so sparingly. "We must not bury her here much longer; it defeats my wishes to establish her in life. I want to see her well and happily married."

Max agreed with him that this was not likely to occur until Miss Haydon was introduced to society. "You do not appear to have many neighbors," he added, "in a position to aspire to the hand of an heiress."

"Miss Eleanor been speaking to you about her fortune," Mr. Penruan asked, sharply.

"You were yourself my informant," Max reminded him.

"Ah, true, true; so I was. And your idea is that she will only marry a man whose fortune equals her own? But there you are in error, decidedly in error. Eleanor will not let any such paltry consideration bias her. She is a girl, my dear Max, who will marry where she loves!"

"Why does he tell me this?" his companion mentally inquired. "Does he think that I have been casting about to find the young lady's *cassette?* and is this to prepare me to find her and Renton engaged lovers? He might have spared himself the trouble. I am no fortune hunter, and even if I had never seen Mistress Letty, I should not risk a rejection by entering the lists. Shall I give my very astute kinsman a hint that I have already guessed that it is not for the sake of seeing Mr. Penruan, the young officer takes the trouble of coming to Cornwall?"

When he looked up, it was rather annoying to find that Mr. Penruan was stealthily watching him, as if trying to glean his thoughts from the expression of his features; but Max went to the point at once, and spoke them boldly.

"I suppose, then, that if my Cousin Eleanor likes her old friend Captain Renton well enough to give him her hand, her guardian will not oppose it?"

Mr. Penruan rose, and, putting his hands on the table, leaned over it to whisper his reply.

"Will you sit idly by, and suffer Renton to bear off so rich a prize? Is not your own fair home in California without a mistress? Could it have a more beautiful one than Eleanor Haydon?"

"Hang him!" mentally ejaculated the astonished Max, startled by a speech that tallied so oddly with the warning Eleanor had given. "Would he throw his step-daughter at my head—mine! a stranger of whom, save for the fact that we are of the same blood, he knows nothing? I may be a gambler, a spendthrift—a mere impostor, as he once hinted! He has made no effort to convince himself to the contrary. And yet he invites me to carry away pretty Eleanor and her forty thousand pounds! Bah! there lies something under this which I cannot comprehend! I am not idiot enough to think that it is for the love of Max Haverying, of Aquas Dolces, that he does this. He has some sinister motive for such apparent kindness!"

"You are putting strange thoughts into my head, Mr. Penruan," he said, aloud. "Do you really advise me to propose myself as a suitor for the hand of Miss Haydon?"

"Advise? No, no!" was the hasty reply. "You mistake me. Eleanor, with all her excellent qualities, is so self-willed, that I have long ceased to interfere with her. I do not advise you, my dear Max. I only bid you act as your heart dictates. You have a comfortable competence, I suppose?"

The kinsman assented; and after an harangue, which lasted for some minutes, on the troubles and anxieties that attended property, especially house property, in England, Mr. Penruan proposed that they should join the ladies.

Eleanor was at the piano when they entered the drawing-room, and she sang at the request of Max, till Mrs. Penruan fancied that one of the notes was out of tune, and caused her to experience a nervous tremor every time it was touched. So the instrument was closed, and chess substituted; but Eleanor was too pensive and absorbed to play a good game; and the running accompaniment of her mother's fretful complaint was so depressing, that no one was sorry when the regular hour arrived for retiring.

Not feeling at all sleepy, Max resolved to go to the library, and select a book to carry with him to his own room; but when he reached the door it refused to open, and supposing that the servants had closed it for the night, he was quietly turning away, when some one approached it from within, and asked, "Is that you, Mr. Penruan?"

"No, it is I—Max Haverying," he answered promptly, and explained his errand. But a dead silence followed. The door was not unclosed, nor was any notice of his speech vouchsafed; and bewildered by such strange proceedings, after waiting awhile, he walked away.

As he went back to his chamber, he heard Mr. Penruan rating the men-servants for some act of neglect, and saw Eleanor and Mrs. Penruan's maid assisting that lady's languid movements, as she ascended the stairs. It was, therefore, neither of the members of the family, whom he had just left locked in the library; neither was it an intruder—as witness the question that was asked as soon as his efforts to open the door became audible to the person within.

Coupling this circumstance with what he had seen and heard on a previous day, Max was forced to the conclusion that there were inmates of the Abbey whom he was not to be permitted to know; and, by a natural sequence of ideas, he also concluded that it was one of these unknown residents in the house who had opened the panel in the wainscoting of his chamber.

Although not more curious than other men, he could not keep his thoughts from dwelling on these things, and he even pushed aside the wardrobe he had drawn across that part of the room, in order to make another examination of the wainscot. Still, the panel defied his efforts to open it, and he was beginning to ask himself whether his eyes had not deceived him after all, when he saw something glisten in one corner of it. It was a nail driven through from the other side by some one not very expert in the use of the hammer; and Max veered back to his former opinion.

"Now do I know that I was not mistaken. This panel did open; and fearful lest I should discover how, and detect the person who made use of it, advantage has been taken of my absence to make all safe. I will ask Eleanor to-morrow if the spectres of the Abbey are addicted to spirit-rapping in such a material form as hammering nails into my chamber walls."

Disappointed in procuring a book, Max opened his window, and, leaning his arms on the broad ledge, smoked, and watched the moon float upwards through the clear sky, till a distant clock, striking one, told him that another day had stolen upon him while he mused.

Only one more ere the precious missive from Letty would be in his possession!—and he was trying to conjecture how she would address him, and whether he should be able to find any food for hope within her letter, when a light puff of wind chilled him, and he closed his casement.

The same breeze had extinguished his candle; but Max, whose toilet was always of the simplest, did not take the trouble to search for matches. He could undress very well in the dark; and he was preparing to do so, when the handle of his door was touched by some one outside.

He listened, and was about to ask who was there; but the hand that had been laid upon it was withdrawn, and sounds followed, as if fingers were trailed along the wall; while slow, uncertain steps accompanied the movement.

After the first few moments, Max fancied he comprehended what this meant, and smiled to himself.

"I suppose one of Mr. John Penruan's servants has been exceeding a little, and is troubled to find his way to his dormitory. I hope, for his sake, poor wretch! he has not been imbibing his master's wine."

Onward went the shuffling footsteps, then halted irresolutely; and, still with the same trailing, guiding movement of the hand, as if the person were compelled to feel his way along the passage, the steps began to return. Nearer and nearer they came, and now were accompanied by low moans, as if whoever uttered them were in such great agony or terror that he had lost all self-restraint.

Before Max could go to the assistance of this unknown personage, a voice, in a clear, sharp whisper, breathed the word, "Come! oh, come!" Whether the appeal was intended for him or not, he no longer paused to think; but, crossing his room with as little noise as possible, he cautiously opened the door, and looked out.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## HORACE CALTHORPE'S WIFE.

BY AGNES LESTER.

The clock had struck ten. Farmer had long since been snugly tucked up in bed; but his daughter Alice still sat in the sitting-room, listening with feverish eagerness for every sound. Suddenly she sprang up and went to the door.

"Horace!"

A tall, handsome man, with dark eyes and wavy black hair, drooping over a forehead smooth and white as moulded wax, bent carelessly to receive the kiss that fluttered on her lips.

"There, Alice, there—that will do. You tire me to death!"

"Do I, Horace? You did not say so once!"

"I am sick and weary of these absurd demonstrations. Do, pray, use a little common sense."

Alice stood silent a moment, repressing the tears that were brimming over her eyelids.

"You have been hunting all day, dear," she said, trying to assume a sprightly air; "so you haven't heard the news?"

"News—no. What news is there?"

"The Rev. Mr. Wayne is dead——"

"Dead! is he? Are you certain, Alice?"

"Miriam told me so. Oh! Horace, they are all broken-hearted there."

"Who cares for their broken hearts!" exclaimed Horace Calthorpe, in a tone of savage exultation. "So the old priest is dead! dead at last!"

"What do you mean, Horace?"

"Mean? Nothing. Don't pester me with your everlasting questions, Alice. I am not in the most indulgent or amiable of moods to-night, young lady, as you may chance to find out, if you're not pretty careful."

"I am very sorry you don't feel kindly towards me to-night, Horace," said Alice, with a quivering lip, "to—for—I've a great favor to ask of you. Horace—dear Horace—why will you not publicly acknowledge our marriage? If you knew the false position in which it puts me, the misery I endure; the——"

"Silence!" Horace Calthorpe rose, with passionate fury. "I have told you, often enough, how sick I am of these pretty hysterical airs and graces; and now I want you distinctly to understand that I shall tolerate them no longer. I will acknowledge you as my wife when and where I please; and if I choose never to acknowledge you, I should like to know how you are going to help yourself!"

He took up the flaring light, and went up stairs to the room he occupied, as a lodger for the shooting season, leaving Alice a still picture of white, motionless despair.

"He cannot mean it! oh, no, he never can mean it!" broke in incoherent syllables from her cold lips, as she clasped her hands tightly together, in the awful silence of the lonely room.

Meanwhile, Horace Calthorpe, in his own apartment, was quietly packing up some indispensable articles in a small valise, the lamplight streaming redly on a face that bore somewhat of demoniac exultation on its faultlessly handsome features.

"This is good luck," he muttered to himself, hurriedly turning over a bundle of papers. "The certificate here in my own hands—the old parson—the only witness killed on a railway! The momentary fancy had like to have cost me dear. I don't know how I ever became so infatuated with her doll face and red lips; but it is all over now. I can go back to London and win my way once more into Virginia's good graces. The fact is, I never was created to live or love in the country. London and an heiress are certainly my natural elements. Heigho! I wonder if I can catch the ten o'clock mail train at Addington. It's a long walk, and a dark, dismal sort of a night, but I think I might manage it."

So soliloquised the adamant-hearted man of the world.

* * * * * *

"Gone! It cannot be possible; he never would leave *me!* Gone! without a word or sign!"

Poor, young, deserted wife! It was a bitter cup for those ruby lips to taste; but when the last dregs were drained, there was something in the draught that turned her gentle nature to gall and wormwood! Alice Wyman had been a meek, shrinking, sensitive child; Alice Calthorpe was an avenging Nemesis.

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"Upon the whole, my dear, I think it's altogether the best thing you could have done. Grovedale is dull; there's no denying that, and since it's absolutely necessary for you to earn a living, London is the place to do it in."

Honest Mrs. Truman bustled to and fro, between her shining black-leaded stove and the little round table, whereon she was depositing cups, saucers, and queer, old-fashioned silver tea-spoons, with raised roses on their handles. While Alice Calthorpe sat by the window, wondering vaguely if she should ever become used to the ceaseless thunder of omnibus, cart, and carriage, or if the heavy, vaporous smoke would ever change to a blue, delicious atmosphere, like that which hung over the fields of Grovedale.

And all the time, close to her beating heart, lay a scrap of a torn, uncompleted letter, with "Virginia Clevington" carelessly pencilled again and again on the margin!

Virginia Clevington! Some unmistakable instinct in her woman's heart told her that this was the rival who had stolen away her husband—perhaps unconsciously, but none the less surely and certainly. Virginia Clevington she would find, though she perished in the search!

"And what are you going to do, my dear?" questioned the good Grovedale neighbor, who was now domiciled in the great, throbbing heart of London.

"I've found dress-making to pay, pretty tolerably well, and I wouldn't recommend governessing. Folks care a deal more for the outsides of their heads than the inside. But bless me, what am I thinkin' about, when I heard of a capital chance only yesterday. Would you object to being a kind of companion? Not exactly lady's-maid, but more exclusive like?"

Alice looked drearily up; she had scarcely heard Mrs. Truman's words.

"For," went on the worthy woman, "Miss Clevington's dressmaker was here to tea last night, and she told me——"

"Clevington—Miss Clevington——"

Alice was attentive enough now. She had risen to her feet, with white, sickly eagerness, clinging to Mrs. Truman's hand, as a shipwrecked mariner clings to a floating drift of sea-weed.

"Yes, do you know her?"

"I have heard of her—yes, I have heard of her. I should like to be Miss Clevington's companion. Where does she live? Let us go to her at once!"

"Not till you've had a cup of tea, dear," said Mrs. Truman, secretly beginning to believe that travel and excitement had unsettled the pale young girl's senses.

"Yes—oh, yes—let us go *now*," pleaded Alice, beginning, with quivering hands to tie her bonnet strings. "Some one else may have got the situation. I—I should like so much to be lady's-maid to Miss Clevington.

Do you think she will accept my services, Mrs. Truman?"

"Of course she will," said the old lady, bridling up a little. "*My* recommendation's worth something, though I say it myself. And if you're in such a powerful hurry, why, I can put the tea back an hour or so. Only brush your hair dear, and pray don't look so ghastly pale."

Virginia Clevington had just come in from a drive—come in with teeth tinted like a ripe peach, and her brown hair tossed about by the fresh wind, and stood there, with a Chantilly lace shawl drooping over her shoulders, and the little pink gloves half pulled from her fairy fingers, a lovely picture of girlish beauty in its prime. Yet not more beautiful to look at than the pale girl who was sewing in the shadow of the emerald silk curtains. Only over one had swept the equinoctial tempests of life's sharpest grief, while the other knew but calm and sunshine.

* * * * * *

"You're tired, Alice dear," said Virginia Clevington, softly. "Put by your work—rest a little while."

It was a part of her benign nature to be sweet and tender to all created beings, but to Alice the words of sympathy were inexpressibly grateful. She drooped her head on Virginia's soothing hand, and burst into tears.

"Alice!"

"It is only the sharp pain at my heart," groaned poor Alice. "Oh, Miss Clevington, may I tell you the story of my life? Then, perhaps, you will not deem me weak and fanciful when I give way to these foolish bursts of grief."

Tell me," whispered Virginia, kneeling at her pale companion's side; tell me all."

"But if it should bring a sharp pang to your heart, Miss Clevington?"

"I cannot imagine how it should do so."

Alice hesitated a moment, with the white and red fluttering like wind-stirred banners across her cheek.

"Miss Clevington," she said, "the surgeon's hand should not hesitate to probe the hidden wounds. I will not falter longer. Is it true that you are to be married to Mr. Horace Calthorpe next month?"

"Yes—it is true."

Virginia spoke frankly, with the sweet roses deepening over her delicate face—as one woman speaks to another with her whole heart trembling on her lips.

"Let me tell you the history of *my* marriage, Miss Clevington."

The afternoon sunshine faded into purple tides of sunset—the sunset died into silver-bright star beams—and yet Virginia Clevington knelt there, listening to Alice's soft measured tones. Which of those two women suffered most would be difficult to tell; it was like the bitterness of death to both.

* * * * * *

"I am late to-night, I know, *mia cara*," said Horace Calthorpe, caressingly, as he laid his hat and gloves on the table, and put his arm round Virginia's slight waist: "but it was the fault of unavoidable business. What! shrinking away from me, love? Surely so slight a fault should not be visited with penance like that. Let me seal my forgiveness on your lips, my darling!"

Virginia Clevington drew back as she might have recoiled from the approach of a deadly serpent, or hissing adder.

"Never again, Horace Calthorpe! You have been false to the noblest and truest instincts of your being—you have proved yourself a villain and a hypocrite! From this moment our lives shall no longer mingle in the same channel of daily intercourse."

But she went on, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes: "Horace Calthorpe, how dared you approach me with false smiles and hollow words of endearment? How dared you aspire to my hand when your wife—your wife in the sight of heaven and man—was pining away, unacknowledged and forgotten?"

"My wife! Dearest Virginia, some impostor has been practising on your credulity. I have no wife. I never had one."

For answer, Virginia Clevington parted the azure folds of the heavy silken curtains, and revealed a slight figure in the deep embrasure—Alice—whiter than any sculptured stone!

"*There* is your wife, Mr. Calthorpe!"

Horace elevated his handsome eyebrows.

"I don't deny that I may have flirted with that young woman at times, while I was rusticating at Grovedale; but as for her being my *wife*, that's simply ridiculous. Let her prove it if she can!"

Virginia Clevington, pale and resolute, opened the folding doors that led into a little study beyond.

"Mr. Wayne, your evidence is needed to decide this matter."

Had a corpse risen from its winding-sheet, Horace Calthorpe could not have been more astounded or bewildered than at the sight of the venerable Roman Catholic clergyman who had performed the marriage service between himself and Alice Wyman.

"Wayne!" he stammered—"Wayne! I thought Mr. Wayne was dead!"

"Not dead," returned the silver-haired old man, "but spared by a merciful providence to protect the threatened future of this young girl. Miss Clevington, you have had a narrow escape. Heaven grant that you fall into no more such temptation!"

Meanwhile Alice had advanced to confront her recreant husband.

"Horace," she said, "in a voice that was low, but perfectly calm, "do not imagine that I shall ever again claim your love or protection. Henceforward our lives must be separate and distinct. I have saved Miss Clevington from your evil wiles; I have avenged myself. We shall meet no more."

Her words were prophetic: they never met again. Alice remains the dear friend of Virginia, now Lady Mortimer, a wealthy baronet's wife; and Horace Calthorpe is a convict at Bermuda, for forgery.

## COUSIN EDITH'S TRIAL.

BY FANNY GOODWIN.

"Here it is, Cousin Edith," I said, returning from answering the postman's knock. "Williston's handwriting. Of course nobody but *you* has a lover to be heard from every third day."

The dissatisfaction in my voice was not altogether assumed; for I had been really disappointed that the letter was not for me.

Strangely enough, Edith did not spring forward to take the missive from my hand; and glancing up, I saw her standing like a statue, white and still.

"Darling! what did you fear?" and hearing a step in the hall, I slipped the letter into her pocket.

Her arm, as I touched it, was cold as the dead. It seemed as if the weight of my finger on her dress was more than she could bear; and she sank upon the sofa.

"What is it, Edith?" I said again.

"It is nothing—don't mind me, Fanny," returned Edith, in hurried tones; and a third person entering the parlor at that moment, she slipped out by the opposite door.

When I stole up to her chamber half an hour later, the door was fast.

There had been something very singular in my cousin's deportment—or else I had imagined it—ever since her lover left us the week before. I knew that she loved him with passionate idolatry; still the brief separation, which was all they anticipated, could not account for the continued sleepless nights, the fits of weeping in solitude, and this final terror. No; I could but feel that some secret was weighing heavily upon her spirits.

An hour or two after the receipt of the letter, she had rallied again, and the day passed as usual. That night, when I went to our chamber, Edith affected to be asleep. I was confident that it was only a pretense; but, as there was no reply when I whispered her name, I prepared noiselessly, and lay down by her side. How my heart pitied her in her unknown trouble! How I wished she would confide in me!

It was a little past midnight, and I was sleeping profoundly, when a shriek from Edith rang in my ears. She clung wildly, around my neck, still crying out in agony—"It is all over. I have seen him in a felon's cell. Oh, Williston! Williston! how *could* you?"

I tried to soothe her; and she dropped her head upon the pillow again, but continued to sob hysterically.

"Such a dream I have had! I wish I had not let myself go to sleep. I have not dared to sleep lately. It is all over, Fanny. Williston Nash has been arrested, and his crime will be proved against him. Oh! I wish I were dead!"

"You are a dreaming still," returned I, never doubting this was the case. "Wake up, dear! You know not the dreadful things you have been saying."

"Yes; I know. Terrible, indeed! I meant never to reveal the secret, but carry it to my grave. But I cannot. My heart is breaking, Fanny."

I knew not what to think. It almost seemed as if my beautiful cousin was seized with insanity. While I reflected what to do, she grew calmer, and thus spoke:—

"He is anxious because I have not answered the letter he wrote the day after he went away. How could I, knowing what I did, what he little suspects me of knowing? Fanny, do you not believe that dreams are sometimes permitted to enter the hearts of man, even against their strivings, and lead them withersoever they will?"

"In that case," I said, "there can be no free agency; and, without free agency, there is no accountability. But will you not tell, Fanny, what is the particular demon you allude to?"

"The demon of avarice, perhaps. I don't know what he should do with the money. Who knows but he gambles? Oh! there is nothing I have not thought of. But I *will* tell you, though every syllable is like a lance in my heart. You know the forged cheque for a thousand pounds, purporting to be signed by Tarleton & Co., Williston's employers?"

"Yes," I replied, wonderingly.

"Fanny, there is no doubt but Williston Nash forged that cheque.

I put out my hand, and drew the curtain aside to let in the moonlight, that I might see whether she was asleep or awake. Her eyes were fixed and clear; and I could see into them to the very depths of her soul. I confess that a secret terror, lest the charge she had uttered might be too well founded, crept into my own heart. Edith would never speak and look in that manner except she knew whereof she affirmed. My speech faltered as I rejoined, —"How can you believe such a thing? Some one surely has been at work to deceive you cruelly."

"Fanny,"—and after my name came a considerable pause,—"Fanny, I saw it with my own eyes."

"Saw what?"

"Saw Williston Nash put the signature of Tarleton & Co., to a cheque for a thousand pounds. Ah! you start now. You are white in the moonlight as your pillow. Yes, Fanny it was done in this house. Let me tell you; you see, I am calm now. I believe the first agony is over. You remember, the night before he was to go to London by the early train, he took leave of us all, and retired to his chamber, saying he had some writing to do. For some hours before I had thought he seemed strangely reticient. Sometimes he appeared to forget even my presence; and I would gaze astonished to see the veins of his forehead swell and turn purple, while his lips compressed themselves till they looked like marble. It alarmed me; for I had never seen him that way before. But to my inquiries he answered only with a forced laugh, so on relapsing into absentness again. Once his whole face flushed darkly, and his eyes glared like one struggling for life. Ah, I little thought the contest was with his conscience!

"We came to our chamber," continued Edith. "I could not sleep. Out from his window Williston's light was shining on the garden beds. It shone on and on. Every one had retired; and the house was silent as death. I was sure Williston was ill; and I dressed myself, and resolved to go to him. His door was ajar; and I saw him sitting before his table, bending over some papers. I entered without disturbing him, and stood behind his chair. In another instant I should have clasped my hands about his forehead, but inadvertently my eyes fell on the task upon which he was engaged, and I remained as one transfixed. There lay a letter from his employers, and he had covered a blank page with copying the signature. Having thus satisfied himself with practice, as it appeared, he pushed these aside, drew the cheque towards him and carefully placed the name of the firm thereon. After scrutinizing it closely, and comparing the forged signature with the original, he placed the cheque in his pocket-book, and I saw him trembling violently. I withdrew noiselessly as I had come, and fled hither to my own chamber. Oh! if I could have died, then! In the morning he had disappeared, together with all trace of the unlawful occupation which had absorbed him in the dreadful midnight hour. Last night I opened the evening paper. The first paragraph my eyes fell on was headed '*Arrest of a Forger;*' and dizzy, and half blinded, I read that a second forged cheque signed by Tarleton & Co., was presented for payment, the forgery discovered in time, and the person, a young man of hitherto irreproachable character, arrested and lodged in goal. Oh, Fanny! I thrusted the paper into the burning grate so violently as to blister the tips of my fingers; as if that could destroy the evidence of his guilt. For a few moments I was wild as any inmate of a lunatic asylum. I wonder I ever came to myself. I almost wish I never had. But I do live, and have duties before me. Fanny, I shall go to him in London to-morow."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "What would be thought of such a thing?"

"It matters not; my mind is made up."

"But you do care for propriety, if not for public opinion. Remember you are not his wife, fortunately."

"But I will be as soon as possible. I will marry Williston, and live close to his prison twenty years, if he goes for so long. I think he will be sentenced for twenty years."

I heard her with a kind of horror. If these things were true, if Williston Nash had debased himself by the deliberate commission of a crime. I loathed the very thoughts of the person I had respected as a friend. Such was my feeling, and I confess I felt annoyed that it was not hers also. While I reflected dumbly, I saw her eyelids close; and, to my further amazement, she sank at once into a profound slumber.

When morning came, Edith rose pale and calm, and commenced packing a trunk with a few articles of apparel. Having determined to brave all opposition with regard to going, she had thought it best not to acquaint any one else with her intention up to the moment of starting.

This might be right for her; but was it so for me? She seemed never to question but that I would keep her secret from the family; but in truth I did not like to take the responsibility. The whole proceeding distressed me. I left her, went below, and paced the solitary parlor, urgently questioning myself what I should do.

In passing a window, I caught a glimpse of a figure rushing up the steps. My heart gave one bound, and then stood still. The next moment Williston Nash stood before me. He seemed not to notice my appearance, and indeed his eyes never rested on me, but glanced round the apartment, as he asked, in simple gladness, "Where is she? where is Edith?"

"In her chamber," I had just voice enough to say.

"I am going to run up and surprise her."

"Not for your life, Williston Nash; or the surprise might be more than you bargained for."

And I forcibly caught him by the arm as he was darting from the door.

"What! is she ill?" he exclaimed, with a start. "I met her brother as I came up, and he said not. But why has she not written? How strangely you look at me, Fan! What is the matter? Out with it!"

And I did, pouring out the whole story without reserve; for, on the instant that his look met mine, the jury in my heart rendered a verdict in his favor. I *knew* he was not guilty. I ought to have been ashamed of myself for having indulged in such a thought. However, it was not my opinion which pained him most.

"And Edith could think of me as a forger?"

The sentence was uttered in bitterness with which only circumstances so extraordinary could have touched his lips. Then quickly, in a changed tone, he added, while a mist gathered in his fine eyes,—"Dear girl, what has she not suffered! Run, Fanny; bring her down this moment. And she was coming—oh! heavens!"

I bounded up the stairs, shouting "Edith!"—I, who had just now expressed the fear that she would not be able to bear the good news,—seized her with all my force, and dragging her bodily to the parlor, where I had commanded her lover to stay, thrust her within, and locked the door to prevent intrusion, and danced outside till I dropped from sheer exhaustion. And as yet the affair was all a mystery; I had no idea what Williston had to say for himself.

It came out shortly. As principal in the real forgery case, Williston had in his own mind fixed upon the head clerk of the establishment of which he was second clerk. That young man being greatly in favor with his employers, it was necessary to obtain more positive evidence against him than he yet possessed; and accordingly he laid a plan to entrap him.

He forged a second cheque, and also a letter in the head clerk's name, addressed to the individual who he was satisfied had acted as accomplice in the former instance; and despatched both through the post-office. Then, notifying the clerk of the bank to be on their guard,—he had already confided his secret to the lawyer of the firm,—he awaited the result. The cheque was presented; and the person on being arrested, made a free confession; when the clerk was immediately taken into custody. He, too, confessed his guilt.

To be brief in the finale, within a month from that time the firm of Tarleton & Co., had changed its name to Tarleton, Nash & Co., so pleased was its head with the interest our friend had taken, and the management he had displayed, in bringing to justice the guilty party.

Williston could now well afford the luxury of a wife, and the next thing that followed was a wedding in our house.

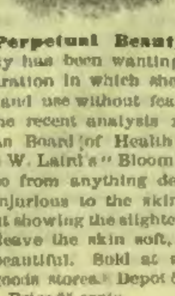
I need not describe that, though there is a strong temptation to do so—Edith being so beautiful, and I her bridesmaid.

## THE BRAIN.

One of the readiest roads to the brain is through the lungs. You may reach the brain in a minute with chloroform. The power of this drug is something marvellous. When under its influence a man may have a limb cut off without any sensation whatever; and even when he recovers from the artificial trance, he may still have neither pain nor uneasiness. Why? Have you ever seen a person after a fit of epilepsy? After a fit of that kind people have no remembrance of anything done to them during the fit. During the epileptic paroxysm, the brain is all but completely torpid. The same thing happens after the anæsthetic sleep of chloroform. In neither case can a man remember what he never felt. But mark what may happen after amputation performed on a patient under chloroform.

The same man who felt no pain in the stump either during or after the operation, may continue for many months to be attacked with the identical local symptoms for which his limb was removed, at the hour of the day or night when he was wont to suffer martyrdom before its removal. And more than this—if seized by the old enemy during sleep, he may wake, exclaiming, "Oh, my leg! my leg! it pains me the same as when it was on!" More curious still, he may tell you he can, as his feelings are concerned, actually move the foot of the amputated limb. What do these facts prove? They prove that the brain is the source of all motion and sensation, morbid or sane; they prove, inversely, that the brain is the source of all paroxysmal recurrence whether the more prominent symptoms be general or local.

It is but a very small number that are silent, without throats and without lungs, without either mind or body—mere unburied corpses of hovering ghosts. May heaven present them with a grave.



**Perpetual Beauty.**

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### WOMAN'S NATURE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

What is it that its play of softened splendor,
So earnest yields, with manner mild and free,
And clothes each pure wish with expression tender?
'Tis woman's a lovely sensibility.

What is it round life's flowers so careless hovers,
Yet cherishes what there is precious seen,
And to the beautiful it there discovers
Unconscious cleaves? 'Tis woman's mind serene.

What is it to man's power, while blushing purely,
Yields unassuming; sweetly pardons wrong;
Reaches by slow delay it goal so surely?
'Tis woman's patience that forbears so long.

What is it that, with bright tears moistened over,
By joy is gently stirred, and sorrow's smart,
Pleasure attained, and longings ending never?
'Tis woman's holy, tender-chorded heart.

What is it, when joy's moments have departed,
Humbly on hope still turns a constant eye,
And trusts in power above it, simple-hearted?
'Tis woman's native instinct, pure and high.

What is it of life's bloom no honey loses,
Makes the decree of each harsh judge more mild,
And for its own the good and true still chooses?
'Tis woman's spirit, soft and undefiled.

What is it calmly gives itself to duty,
And in itself a ceaseless consent proves,
And finds a strength in memory's hours of beauty?
'Tis woman's heart, when woman's heart is love's.

### THE DIAMOND RING, OR ROXIE'S FLIRTATION.

BY R. A. J.

"Roxie, Roxie, child!"

A young girl, lovely as the morning, disengaged herself from the laughing group about her, to reply to the lady who called her.

"Well, auntie?" she said, with a backward toss of the softest, brightest curls, and a look of saucy defiance out of arch hazel-brown eyes.

"What was it I heard you say just now?"

Roxie colored, but looked saucy still, and laughed. "I don't care," she said, pouting very becomingly the next moment; "I do like Frank Thorley, although he is papa's clerk. I should'nt have said so, only Ellen Richmond was making fun of what she calls his assurance in dancing with me so often to-night."

"I would'nt dance with him again, my dear."

"Why not, pray?" Roxie exclaimed, elevating her graceful eyebrows.

"Because you are a very pretty girl, and he is a very handsome, impressible young man. You may do him much harm."

"I?"

"Such flattering preference as you are evincing for young Thorley's society, is enough to turn any young man's head; and coming from a girl in your position, to a man in his, is calculated to do harm. Take my advice, Roxie; he already sees no one in the room but you. Lavish your witcheries on some one less liable to lose his wits in consequence of them."

Roxie turned away from her aunt a little pettishly, and stole from under her thick lashes a furtive glance in young Thorley's direction. He was indeed watching her, with his heart in his handsome eyes; and the vain little beauty flushed with pleasure.

It was not long before Frank Thorley asked her to dance with him again.

"He is so handsome and graceful, and so entertaining," Roxie mused during the instant's hesitation before she put her little gloved hand in his, "I *will* dance with him—there!"

And away she floated in airy circles.

"It can't do any harm," she continued with some inward misgiving, as her eyes met auntie's mildly disapproving look, or fell beneath the impassioned and almost too frankly admiring glance of her companion; "of course he knows I am particularly kind to him, because he's papa's clerk; and he can't be so ridiculous as to fall in love with me really, and it isn't likely we shall ever be together this way again."

Miss Roxie, however, was mistaken in her calculations. She had indulged a momentary whim, and had insisted upon his attending her party.

As a consequence, somebody else invited him, and then somebody else, and he was so handsome and entertaining—such a graceful addition to any circle—that before the winter was over, he had become very popular, and received more invitations than he was able to accept. Roxie was surprised, but secretly pleased at this, and at the continuance of his undisguised and almost romantic devotion to herself. Roxie accepted this devotion with occasional reluctance, occasional misgiving as to where it was to end; but she liked it too well to lose, and was perhaps more interested at heart than she realized herself.

Imagine her consternation, when Frank Thorley asked her to *marry* him!

"I—I'm sorry, Frank," she murmured, almost incoherently, as she dropped into a seat.

Thorley's eyes flashed momentarily.

"You've done a wicked thing, Miss Roxie Lyle," he said. "If ever woman led man to believe she loved him, you did me."

Roxie stopped him there with a haughty gesture, and an angry—"You forget yourself, Mr. Thorley;" and she swept imperially past him, back to the drawing-room she had quitted a moment before on his arm.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was at the head of one of the oldest firms in the City. He was a man of sterling integrity and uprightness himself, and sternly severe upon any dereliction in another. His clerks were all liberally paid; and a young man who could obtain a situation, be it ever so subordinate, with Lyle & Co., was considered to have secured an uncommonly good start in life. Dishonesty or unfaithfulness among the clerks of the firm was rare; partly because of the discrimination exercised in engaging them, partly because of the severe and summary reckoning exacted from the few offenders.

Mr. Vincent Lyle was not inclined therefore to deal leniently with the author of some small but daring peculation that had been going on of late. Woe to the guilty one, when he discovered him; and from the searching investigation he was making, he was likely to do that soon. The matter worried him so long as it baffled him; and he was sitting in his luxurious library at home, pondering it, when Frank Thorley sent in a note to him.

The merchant started, as he read, muttering:

"Sharp fellow, Thorley. I wasn't deceived in him! Show him up, John."

Mr. Lyle shook hands with him warmly when he came in; but Thorley seemed strangely reluctant, and not noticing the seat the merchant offered him, remained standing on the hearth opposite, his face pale and his eyes in an unwonted glitter.

"Glad to see you, Thorley, glad to see you. Shan't forget it if you can give me any clue to the author of this scandalous business," Lyle said.

"Behold him," Frank said, getting whiter yet.

Mr. Lyle stared.

"It was I who stole your money," Frank repeated, with a half desperate emphasis on the obnoxious word in the sentence.

Mr. Lyle stared incredulously a few moments still, before he could realize the stupendousness of the fact. He was terribly angry then. The very fact that he had been so ready to vouch for young Thorley, made his unfaithfulness doubly culpable. He remembered suddenly the gay life the young man had been leading of late, vague rumors of which had reached his ears, and said, sternly, as he could master his voice enough, "If you come here thinking to move me to thoughts of clemency, you will find yourself mistaken."

"Not for myself, Mr. Lyle," he said, at last, speaking with difficulty, "but for my mother's sake, I do ask your clemency; not to retain me in your employment, but to give me a chance to begin again somewhere else."

"And serve some one else as you have me?" the merchant exclaimed, with ironical anger; "it is rather late to think of your mother, young man."

"I know it, sir. If I had suffered no other love to enter my heart but love for her, I should not stand here the guilty wretch I am to-night. Yet for her sake, spare me. I am her only son—her only support. If you expose me, you strike her to the heart."

Mr. Lyle made an impatient movement. "I tell you, you should have thought of this before. It is too late now; you have had your chance and abused it wickedly. You must take the consequences."

Thorley was trembling, and he could hardly stand.

"Mr. Lyle," he said, huskily, "do you know how old I am? I am nineteen, sir, and I never touched a farthing that was not my own before."

"It is time to end this," Mr. Lyle said, rising and approaching the bell.

"Wait one moment, sir," Frank Thorley said, passing between him and the bell-pull; and his desperate, anguished look stayed Mr. Lyle an instant: "shall I tell you who tempted me to do this—whose beautiful face came between me and right, and lured me on to my ruin? As you hope for mercy, hereafter, sir, hear me! Hear how I came to fall, and then refuse to be merciful, if you can."

"I am listening," said the merchant.

"I never saw London till two years ago, and you yourself have commended me for withstanding its temptations. You know, sir, that I neither drink nor gamble. The smallness of the amount I have taken must prove that your money was not spent in that way. You have been pleased to be very kind to me, sir. Do you remember urging me the acceptance of an invitation to a party given by your daughter? I was reluctant, but I went, and from that hour my fate was sealed. The most fascinating, as well as the most heartless of coquettes, did not scorn to set her snares for me, to dazzle me with her loveliness, and lure me with her smiles. There is no intoxication like the first love of youth, sir; don't you know that? There is no frenzy like that inspired by a woman who makes you love her. I lived in a delirium. I was mad on account of this woman whom I loved, and who seemed to love me, and I incurred a debt for her—a debt which, in a wild moment, a moment when I had just been scornfully cast off by *her*—I paid with your money."

"What was your debt?" Mr. Lyle asked, briefly.

"It was a ring."

"A ring with a diamond set in a cluster of rubies?" the merchant asked, with a flash of remembrance.

"Yes, sir," Thorley replied, reluctantly.

The merchant sat down, and motioning Thorley to a seat, remained some moments thoughtful and with his face averted. Then touching the bell he waited, while Frank Thorley covered his face with his hands.

"Tell Miss Roxie I wish to see her here," he said to the servant who answered his summons.

Roxie was just going out; and she came dressed as she was for the party, fleecy white floating about her like cloud wreaths, her lips red, her cheeks aglow, and her eyes sparkling.

She reddened somewhat at the sight of Frank Thorley's ghastly face.

"Did you send for me, papa?" she asked of her father, who sat with his face in shadow.

For reply, he reached and took her ungloved hand in his. It was a dainty hand, small and white, and glittering with rings. He put his fingers upon one, a small diamond surrounded by rubies, and lifted his glance to hers.

Roxie shrank a little, and looked as though she were going to cry.

Turning towards Frank Thorley, Mr. Lyle said, "Upon one condition I will forgive you. Repeat what you have just said to me, in the presence of this misguided girl."

Poor Frank Thorley! Perhaps he thought even exposure would be preferable to such humiliation before her whom he loved. Perhaps a second thought of his mother came and nerved him. He hesitated only a moment, and told the story with a half desperate, half sarcastic eloquence, that took the vivid color out of Roxie's brilliant face, and left it white and scared.

"Won't you forgive me, Frank?" she cried, and she clung to her father with a burst of sobs.

"Will you forgive her Frank Thorley, or not?" demanded Mr. Lyle.

"Heaven knows I forgive her, sir, as I hope to be forgiven."

"Thank you, sir. I think that she has wronged you more than you wronged me, and I will show you, young man, how I can forgive to-morrow."

But when the morrow came, Frank Thorley had left London, with his mother; and vain were all Mr. Lyle's efforts to discover him.

Years passed. There came a financial crash; and though everybody supposed Lyle & Co. to be established on too firm a basis to be shaken, they were not able to outride the storm.

Scrupulously honest now as ever, Mr. Lyle gave up everything; made no effort to save so much as Roxie's piano from going under the hammer.

"Never mind, papa," she said, softly to him that last night before the sale; "we still have each other, and I am young. Perhaps I may find some use now for these accomplishments you have lavished upon me so freely. You didn't think," she added, with an attempt at gaiety, "that you were putting money by when you were spending it on me, did you?"

"Heaven knows what is to become of us!" moaned the unhappy merchant. "To-morrow, at this time, we shall have no right even to the roof that shelters our heads. But Heaven bless you, my child, for this sweet courage. It is something to have so brave a child. You have been used to such freedom from care, though, Roxie—I wish you had married, dear, and you would have had a home now."

"I have got you, papa, and there's nobody I like better——"

"Nobody, Roxie?"

The soft cheek flushed a little, and the red lips trembled.

"Don't ask me, papa; there's nobody *now*," she said, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Was it some one who went away?"

"Yes," faintly.

"I thought so, dear. It's like you women to love the man they have wronged the most."

The two hid away in the remotest corner of the house while the auction was going on next day, and Roxie exerted herself incredibly to sustain her father's heavy heart. He grew old fast in those few hours. This losing his home seemed to hurt him cruelly.

The sale was over, and they still sat there alone, waiting, perhaps, to see if some friend would not come to speak a word of counsel or comfort in this trying hour.

There was a hesitating knock at the door presently, and a gentleman came in.

Mr. Lyle, seeing that it was a stranger said: "You are, perhaps, the new proprietor?"

The stranger bowed, and said,—"I bought everything for a friend of Mr. Lyle's who requested me to say to him that his house was as much his now as it ever was."

Mr. Lyle lifted his head and looked at the man, and from him to Roxie, in a sort of bewilderment.

"What does this mean, Roxie?"

Roxie had come forward, breathless, her face red and white in swift changes.

"Papa," she cried, running to him and sobbing upon his neck. "It's Frank Thorley."

"No, no, Roxie," the merchant said, incredulously.

"It is Frank Thorley, sir," Frank said, now coming nearer; "and he wishes fervently that he had come sooner. I am a rich man, Mr. Lyle, thanks to you for giving me another chance in life, and I have come ready to discharge my obligation to you with my all. I have nothing, sir; that is not yours also."

"Don't, Frank! I was only just, scarcely that; it seems good to see you, though, like the face of an old friend. We haven't many friends now, you know."

Roxie had not spoken. It seemed she could not lift her face from her father's arm. But when Frank asked, gently:—"Have *you* no welcome for me, Roxie?"

"Have you forgiven me yet?" she asked, looking up, suddenly.

"I have never married," he said, in a low voice; "and you——"

"Nor I," flushing and trembling.

"Roxie"—with sudden heat and eagerness,—"I have loved you all these years."

"And I you."

The new firm is Lyle & Thorley. Frank would have it so."

### THE CONDEMNED SENTINEL.

BY HENRY CAVENDISH.

A cold, dreary night, in the month of March, 1807, Marshal Lefebvre, with twenty-seven thousand French troops, had invested Dantzic. The city was garrisoned by seventeen thousand Russian and Prussian soldiers; and these, together with twenty or thirty thousand well armed citizens, presented nearly double the force which could be brought to the assault. So there was need of the utmost vigilance on the part of the sentinels; for a desperate sortie from the garrison, made unawares, might prove calamitous.

At midnight Jerome Dubois was placed upon one of the most important posts in the advance line of pickets, it being upon a narrow strip of land raised above the marshy flat, called the Peninsula of Nehrung. For more than an hour he paced his lonesome beat without hearing anything more than the moaning of the wind and the driving of the rain. At length, however, another sound broke upon his ear. He stopped and listened, and presently he called,—"Who's there?"

The only answer was a moaning sound.

He called again, and this time he heard something like the cry of a child; and pretty soon an object came towards him out of the darkness. With a quick, emphatic movement he brought his musket to the charge, and ordered the intruder to halt.

"Mercy!" exclaimed the childish voice. "Don't shoot me! I am Natalie. Don't you know me?"

"Heavens!" cried Jerome, elevating the muzzle of his piece. "Is it you, dear child?"

"Yes; and you are good Jerome. Oh, you will come, and help mamma! Come, she is dying!"

It was certainly Natalie, a little girl only eight years old, daughter of Lisette Vailiant. Lisette was the wife of Pierre Vailiant a sergeant in Jerome's own regiment, and was with the army in the capacity of nurse.

"Why, how is this my child?" said Jerome, taking the child by the arm. "What is it about your mother?"

"Oh, good Jerome, you can hear her now. Hark!"

The sentinel bent his ear, but could hear only the wind and the rain.

"Mamma is in the dreadful mud," said the child and is dying. She is not far away. Oh, I can hear her crying."

By degrees Jerome gathered from Natalie that her father had taken her out with him in the morning, and that in the evening when the storm came on, her mother came after her. The sergeant had offered to send a man back to the camp with his wife; but she preferred to return alone, feeling sure that she should meet with no trouble. The way, however had become dark and uncertain, and she had lost her path, and wandered off to the edge of the morass, where she had sunk into the soft mud.

"Oh, good Jerome," cried the little one, seizing the man's hand, "can't you hear her? She will die if you do not come and help her.

At that moment Jerome fancied that he heard the wail of the unfortunate woman. What should he do? Lisette, the good, the beautiful, the tender-hearted Lisette was in mortal danger, and it was in his power to save her. It was not in his heart to withstand the pleadings of the child. He could go and rescue the nurse, and return to his post without detection. At all events he could not refuse the childish pleader.

"Give me your hand, Natalie. I'll go with you."

With a cry of joy the child sprang to the soldier's side; and when she had secured his hand she hurried him along to the place where she had left her mother. It seemed a long distance to Jerome, and once he stopped as though he would turn back. He did not fear death; but he feared dishonor.

"Hark!" uttered the child.

The soldier listened, and plainly heard the voice of the suffering woman calling for help. He hesitated no longer. On he hastened, through the storm, and found Lisette sunk to her armpits in the soft morass. Fortunately a tuft of long grass had been within her reach, by which means she had held her head above the fatal mud. It was no easy matter to extricate her from the miry pit, as the workman had to be very careful that he did not himself lose his footing. At length, however, she was drawn forth, and Jerome led her towards his post.

"*Who comes there!*" cried a voice from the gloom.

"Heavens!" gasped Jerome, stopping and trembling from head to foot.

"*Who comes there!*" repeated the voice.

Jerome heard the click of a musket lock; and he knew that another sentinel had been stationed at the post he had left. The relief had come while he had been absent!

"Friends, with the countersign!" he answered to the last call of the new sentinel.

He was ordered to advance, and when he had given the countersign he found himself in the presence of the officer of the guard. In a few hurried words he told his story; and had the officer been alone he might have allowed the matter to rest where it was; but there were others present; and when ordered to give up his musket he obeyed without a murmur, and silently accompanied the officer to camp where he was put in irons.

On the following morning Jerome Dubois was brought before a court-martial under charge of having deserted his post. He confessed that he was guilty, and then permission was granted him to tell his own story.

This he did in a few words; but the court could do nothing but pass sentence of death; but the members thereof all signed a petition praying that Jerome Dubois might be pardoned; and this petition was sent to the general of the brigade, and through him to the general of division, by whom it was endorsed and sent up to the marshal.

Lefebvre was kind and generous to his soldiers almost to a fault; but he could not overlook so grave and error as that which had been committed by Dubois. The orders given to the sentinel had been very simple; and foremost of every necessity, was the order forbidding him to leave his post until properly relieved. To a certain extent the safety of the whole army rested upon the shoulders of each individual sentinel, and especially upon those who at night were posted nearest the lines of the enemy.

"I am sorry," said the gray-haired old warrior, as he folded up the petition and handed it back to the officer who had presented it. "I am sure that the man meant no wrong, and yet a great wrong was done. He knew what he was doing—he ran the risk—he was detected—he had been tried and condemned. He must suffer!"

They asked Lefebvre if he would see the condemned.

"No, no!" the marshal cried quickly. "Should I see him, and listen to one-half his story, I might pardon him and that must not be done. Let him die, that thousands may be saved."

The time fixed for the execution of Dubois was the morning succeeding the day of his trial. The result of the interview with Marshal Lefebre was made known to him, and he was not at all disappointed. He blamed no one, and was only sorry that he had not died upon the battle-field.

"I have tried to be a good soldier," he said to his captain. "I feel that I have done no crime that should leave a stain upon my name."

The captain took his hand and assured him that his name should be held in respect.

Towards evening Pierre Vailliant, with his wife and child, were admitted to see the prisoner. This was a visit which Jerome would gladly have dispensed with, as his feelings were already wrought up to a pitch that almost unmanned him; but he braced himself for the interview and would have stood it like a hero, had not little Natalie, in the eagerness of her love and gratitude, thrown herself upon his bosom and offered to die in his stead. This tipped the brimming cup, and his tears flowed freely.

Pierre and Lisette knew not what to say. They wept, and they prayed, and they would have willingly died for the noble fellow who had been thus condemned.

Later in the evening came a companion who, if he lived, would at sometime return to Jerome's boyhood home. First the condemned thought of his widowed mother, and he sent her a message of love and devotion. Then he thought of a brother and sister. And finally he thought of one—a bright-eyed maid—whose vine-clad cot stood upon the banks of the Seine—one whom he had loved with a love such as only great hearts can feel.

"Oh, my dear friend!" he cried, bowing his head upon his clasped hands, "you need not tell them a falsehood; but if the thing is possible, let them believe that I fell in battle."

His companion promised that he would do all he could; and if the truth could not be kept back, it should be so faithfully told that the name of Jerome Dubois should not bear dishonor in the minds of those who had loved him in the other days.

Morning came, dull and gloomy, with driving sleet and snow; and at early hour Jerome Dubois was led forth to meet his fate. The place of execution had been fixed upon a low, barren spot towards the sea; and thither his division was being marched to witness the fearful punishment. They had gained not more than half the distance when the sound of some strange commotion broke upon the wintry air; and very shortly an aide-de-camp came dashing to the side of the general of the brigade, with the cry:—"A sortie! A sortie! The enemy are out in force. Let this thing be stayed. The marshal directs that you face about and advance upon the peninsula!"

In an instant all was changed in that division; and the brigadier-general who had temporary command, thundered forth his orders for his countermarch. The gloom was dissipated; and with glad hearts the soldiers turned from the thoughts of the execution of a brave comrade to thoughts of meeting the enemy.

"What shall we do with the prisoner?" asked the sergeant who had charge of the guard.

"Lead him back to the camp," replied the captain.

The direction was very simple, but the execution thereof was not to be so easy; for hardly had the words escaped the captain's lips when a squadron of Prussian cavalry came dashing directly towards them. The division was quickly formed into four hollow squares, while the guard that held charge of the prisoner found themselves obliged to flee.

"In heaven's name," cried Jerome, "cut my bonds and let me die like a soldier!"

The sergeant quickly cut the cord that bound his elbows behind him, and then dashed towards the point where his own company was stationed. The rattle of musketry had commenced, and the Prussians were vainly endeavoring to break the squares of French troops. Jerome Dubois looked about him for some weapon with which to arm himself; and presently he saw a Prussian officer, not far off, reeling in his saddle, as though he had been wounded. With a quick bound he reached the spot, pulled the dying officer from his seat, and leapt into the empty saddle.

Dubois was fully resolved that he would sell his life on that day—sell it in behalf of France—and sell it as dearly as possible. But he was not needed where he was. He knew that the Prussians could not break those hollow squares; so he rode away thinking to join the French cavalry with whom he could rush into the deepest danger. Supposing that the heaviest fighting must be upon the Nehrung, he rode his horse in that direction; and when he reached it he found that he had not been mistaken. Upon a slight eminence towards Hagelsberg the enemy had planted a battery of heavy guns, supported by two regiments of infantry; and already with shot and shell immense damage had been done.

Marshal Lefebvre rode up shortly after this battery had opened, and very quickly made up his mind that it must be taken at all hazards.

"Take that battery," he said to a colonel of cavalry, "and the battle is ours."

Dubois heard the order and saw the necessity. Here was danger enough, surely; and, determined to be the first at the fatal battery, he kept as near to the leader as he dared. Half the distance had been gained, when from the hill came a storm of iron that ploughed into the ranks of the French. The colonel fell, his body literally torn in pieces by a shell that exploded against his bosom.

The point upon the peninsula, now reached by the head of the assaulting column was not more than a hundred yards wide; and it was literally a path of death, as the fire of twelve heavy guns was turned upon it. The colonel had fallen and very soon three other officers went down, leaving the advance without a commissioned leader. The way was blocked up, with dead men and dead horses; and the head of the column stopped and wavered.

Marshal Lefebvre, from his elevated place, saw this, and his heart throbbed painfully.

But—see! A man in the uniform of a French private, mounted upon a powerful horse caparisoned in the trappings of a Prussian staff officer, with his head bare and a bright sabre swinging in his hand, rushes to the front, and urges the column forward. His words are fiery, and his look is dauntless.

"For France and for Lefebvre!" the strange horseman cries, waving his sword aloft, and pointing towards the battery. "The Marshal will weep if we lose this day!"

The brave troopers, thus led by one who feared not to dash forward where the shot fell thickest, gave an answering shout, and pressed on, caring little for the rain of death so long as they had a living leader to follow. Hoping that he might take the battery, and yet courting death, Jerome Dubois spurred on; and finally the troop came upon the battery with irresistable force.

It was not in the power of the cannoneers to withstand the shock, and the Russian infantry that came to their support were swept away like chaff. The battery was quickly captured; and when the guns had been turned upon those who had been shortly before been their masters, the fortune of the day was decided. The Russians and the Prussians—horse, foot, and dragoons—such as were not taken prisoners, made the best of their way back into Dantzic, having lost much more than they had gained.

Jerome Dubois returned to the guard-house, and gave himself up to the officer in charge. First a surgeon was called to dress several slight wounds which he had received, next his Colonel was called to see what should be done with him. The colonel applied to the general of brigade, and the general of brigade applied to the general of division, and the general of division applied to Marshal Lefebvre.

"What shall we do with Jerome Dubois?"

"God bless him!" cried the general veteran, who had heard the whole story; "I'll pardon him to-day; and to-morrow I'll promote him!"

And Jerome Dubois, in time, went himself to see the loved ones in France; and when he went he wore the uniform of a captain.

### LOOKING OUT FOR SLIGHTS.

Of all people in the world the most disagreeable, and the hardest to sail smoothly along with, is that class among our acquaintances and friends who are continually looking out for slights. Not a motion, not a word, not a momentary silence, but forthwith the imagination is busily at work brooding over what they are sure is meant for some personal indignity to themselves. They cannot make a morning call, receive a visitor, meet an acquaintance on the street, or even—worst of all—carry on the daily intercourse of their own family, without meeting with some trivial circumstance which forthwith is developed into mammoth proportions, whereby they are are speedily and certainly led to believe that some offence is designed. They are as touchy as hair-triggers; and their susceptible dignity, like the quills of the porcupine, is ever ready to erect itself into an embrasured attitude of scornful though sorrowful defiance.

This trait is quite like its twin-sister jealousy, though not so violent in the attacks, nor so deadly in its results. But take the two together, and let them loose in some quiet town, where the distinction of "high and low" has already been made, and the lines of caste and aristocracy are slowly creeping in. Let these two subtle forces be let loose in such a community, and the results will be more direful than if a score of the blackest crimes in the recognized list had been given the same scope; for it is not the high crimes of murder and theft that most disturb and destroy peace and fraternal security; but the continual bickerings and suspicions, and the jealousies, and piques, and heart-burnings that arise from the same degrading, unmanly, unwomanly expectations of having received a slight from some neighbor or friend who is doubtless utterly unconscious of any such act or intention. A fit of indigestion is generally at the bottom of all such sights and impertinences as they imagine they receive. And such people lay upon others the fault of their own irritability; and, from looking through suspicious eyes, they think everything is tinged with the same gangrened hue.

To say the least, and give the habit the least objectionable name that presents itself, it is very unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose a slight intended unless the neglect is unmistakably open and direct. We should pass along far more smoothly, and have fewer irritations in our pilgrimage, that at the best to some of us ever winds through paths filled with vexing stones and hedged with thorns and briers, if we did so.

How foolish, then for us to go over such ground when there is a flower-fringed and shaded highway, beautiful and fragrant enough for fairies and angels to tread in, if we only will start in the right direction, and with the spirit that a superior wisdom ever inculcates.

At our request, Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, have promised to send any of our readers, gratis (on receipt of fifteen cents to pay postage), a sample of Dobbins' Electric soap to try. Send at once.

### THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CREAM PIE.—The yellows of 3 eggs, 1 tea cup of butter, 1 pint of sugar, 1 tablespoonful of flour, 1 pint of rich cream will make two pies; bake in paste.

POP OVERS OR GERMAN PUFFS.—One egg, 1 cup milk, 1½ cup flour, butter the size of a hickory nut; bake in quick oven—nice served with sauce for desert.

CORN BREAD.—Beat 2 eggs very light, mix with them 1 pint of sour milk, 1 teaspoonful of soda, 1 pint of meal, 1 tablespoonful of butter. Bake in a quick oven.

SWEET CAKES.—One pound of butter, 1½ pounds sugar, 1 teaspoonful each of cinnamon and soda, 1 cup of cream, 2 eggs beaten separately, flour enough to make a soft dough.

ORANGE CORDIAL.—Fill an air-tight jar with orange-peel, then pour on it some whisky. After keeping it several weeks, make syrup, and add the whisky to suit the taste. It makes a delicious cordial.

LEMON JELLY CAKE.—Make nice sponge cake bake in layers. For jelly 2 cups of boiling water, heaping tablespoonful of corn starch dissolved in a little water, stir in and let boil a few minutes, add a cup of sugar, juice and rind of one lemon.

TOMATO SALAD.—Take ripe tomatoes and cut them in thin slices; sprinkle over them a small quantity of finely-chopped green onions; add salt, pepper, vinegar, and oil, if liked. The oil should be in proportion of three tablespoonfuls to one of vinegar. Serve with any roast meat.

MOCK OYSTER SOUP.—To one quart cooked tomatoes take two quarts of water and two quarts of milk, add to the tomatoes a large teaspoonful of soda, with salt, pepper and butter to taste; bring the milk and water to a boil, and then pour in the tomatoes and let boil a minute.

HASHED GOOSE.—Cut a small onion up into dice, fry it with a bit of butter, and put as much water in the pot as will make sauce for the hash; thicken with a little flour; cut the goose up into pieces, and put it in the sauce to warm, be careful that it does not boil. Season to taste. Serve with apple sauce.

DOUGHNUTS WITHOUT EGGS.—One-half teacup of buttermilk or sour milk, the same of cream and of sugar, one teaspoonful of saleratus, spice and salt to taste; add a little yeast, flour enough to mold, and let it rise before frying; or, if an egg can be put, in the yeast can be left out and the dough fried at once.

STUFFED TOMATOES.—Get them as large and firm as possible; cut out a round place in the top of each and scrape out all the soft parts; mix with stale bread-crumbs, corn, onions, parsley, butter, pepper and salt; chop very fine and fill the tomatoes carefully; bake in a moderately hot oven; put a little butter in the pan, and see that they do not burn or become dry.

MACARONI SOUP.—A small shin of beef is put in three quarts of water, boiled four hours, then strained through a colander. The following day skim the fat off. Boil a teacupful of canned tomatoes (or four whole ones), three chopped onions, a little minced parsley, salt and pepper, in one pint of water; let it boil for half an hour; then add it to the stock. Half an hour before serving put in a handful of macaroni.

POTATO BALLS.—Take half a dozen potatoes, boil them, pass them through a sieve, and work into them a bowl of one gill of cream and the yolks of three eggs; add pepper, salt and nutmeg to taste, and some parsley finely chopped. When they are well mixed and smooth, take them up in tablespoonfuls, roll each in a ball, flatten it, and flour it slightly. Lay them all in a pan with plenty of butter melted, and cook them slowly. Turn them over when one side is done, and serve hot as soon as both sides are colored.

TO FRY CHICKEN.—The Virginia way to cook chickens is:—The fowl to be killed, plucked and eviscerated in the shortest possible time; on no account is it to be washed, but it must be wiped dry with a clean napkin and cut into six parts—the breast, the two wings, the back and the two legs. The whole is then to be thrown into a frying-pan with butter, cream, mush (small cakes of Indian meal dough); the whole to be done before the flesh loses its natural heat, and the frying-pan and contents must be heated in advance to receive the chicken.

CHOCOLATE CAKE.—One cup butter, two cups sugar, three-quarters of a cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful soda, one teaspoonful cream tartar; five eggs, leaving out two whites; three and one-half cups of flour. Bake in a large sheet iron pan; it should be about one and a half inches thick when baked. For frosting, take the whites of two eggs, one and one-half cups of powdered sugar, one spoonful vanilla extract, six spoonfuls grated chocolate. Stir all together and spread on the bottom of the cake, when inverted, as soon as taken out of the oven.

LIGHT TEA BISCUIT.—Two quarts of best sifted flour, one pint of sweet milk, in which melt one-quarter of a pound of sweet butter, one teaspoonful of salt in the milk, one teacup of fresh yeast. Make a hole in the centre, pour in the yeast, well shaken, stir diligently with a fork. Let the milk, etc., be just blood warm, no more; then knead as bread. Cut it across, through and through with a knife. Let it rise six or seven hours, as it may require. Take from the pan, knead it well, cut in small cakes, and put to rise in a pan an hour before baking. This receipt, with additional sugar and suitable spices, makes excellent family doughnuts.

OLD VIRGINIA CHOW-CHOW.—A peck and a half of green tomatoes, three small heads of cabbage, six large onions, six ripe peppers, six green peppers. Chop all these very finely and cover with salt for twenty-four hours; then drain the juice off thoroughly; cover with three quarts of strong vinegar, add one and a half pounds of sugar and scald all one hour; then add a peck and a half of ripe tomatoes, three heads of finely-chopped celery and one plut of grated horse-radish. Boil all fifteen minutes, then add one spoonful of cloves, two spoonfuls white mustard seed, two spoonfuls allspice, two spoonfuls ginger, one of mustard. These spices all to be ground; cover closely; is fit for use in one month.

HOW TO DO UP SHIRTS.—A lady gives the following in the *Ohio Farmer*: To three tablespoonfuls of common starch, well boiled in one quart of water, add a lump of lard the size of a pea, a tablespoonful of loaf sugar and a little salt. Let it cool until you can use it without burning your hands. When the clothes are thoroughly dry, dampen your shirts in a thin, cold starch, roll them up and let them lay one hour before ironing. When ready to iron have a bowl of clean, cold water at hand, dip a clean handkerchief into it and wring it out dry; then stretch the shirt over a shirt-board, and with the dampened handkerchief wipe off every particle of starch that appears on the surface, taking care always to wipe downward. Be careful not to have the iron too hot. The more pressure you use on the starched surface the finer polish you will get. I have done up shirts in this way for several years, and know that it will produce a polish equal to any laundry work. I forgot to mention in its proper place that you should never boil the starch until the clothes are ready to hang up to dry. No shirt can be done up nicely without a shirt-board. The one I have is two feet long and one wide—an inch board planed smooth, and covered on one side with six thicknesses of flannel, the top one being soft white flannel. The first five thicknesses are stretched over tightly, and tacked securely on to the edge of the board, all around; the white flannel, outside, is stitched to the edges of the others, so that it can be removed for washing whenever necessary. Old blankets or shawls that have done their duty as such can be well utilized for this purpose.

**To Paint the Lily and Gild Refined** Gold, according to Shakspeare, is "wasteful and ridiculous excess," but we are of opinion that on such an interesting subject "much may be said on both sides." For instance, a handsome lady is nature's master-piece—a thousand fold more beautiful than "lilies" or "refined gold," yet it is by no means "ridiculous excess" to heighten her charms by a judicious use of Dr. FELIX GOURAUD'S admirable preparations. Dr. GOURAUD is a gentleman profoundly versed in all the mysteries of chemistry, and disorders of the skin, and consequently is eminently qualified to prepare remedies for beautifying the complexion. His MEDICATED SOAP and LILY WHITE are famous for curing chaps, pimples, blotches, wrinkles, etc., and GOURAUD'S LIQUID ROUGE AND POUDRES SURTILES are unrivalled for imparting a rosy hue to the cheek and removing extraneous hairs, while his MEDICATED GLOSS and INSTANTANEOUS DYE are superior articles for improving and beautifying the hair, while his ORIENTAL CREAM almost has a magical beautifying effect on the complexion, scattering all imperfections. Leading druggists keep the Doctor's cosmetics. Depot 48 Bond street, New York.

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## MARRYING FOR MONEY.

No graver mistake is ever made by young people ambitious of wealth or position than marrying for money. Gold is a powerful element in the promotion of general happiness, but a poor substitute for genuine affection.

Men and women, capable of loving and being loved, never fail to reap the most bitter harvest when they barter the priceless gems of the heart for the coarser wealth of the world. However, some people are not endowed with affectionate natures, and to such the melody of sympathetic souls is less attractive than the harsh notes of practical proprieties. They know no love beyond the sentiment of good natured regard—no passion beyond the emotion of spontaneous gratitude.

If a service is rendered, they are thankful, and to them the acquisition of wealth by marriage is but a polite way of bestowing a gift. Their sense of obligation may awaken a feeling akin to love, but the relation strikes no deeper than an external resemblance. The complacency of one suddenly enriched by a married alliance is oft times so touched by being invested with the means of ostentation as to kindle a sentiment that would pass for love, but which is not love itself. Real love is wholly disinterested; it is a passion that elevates the thoughts, purifies the feelings, ennobles the actions, and exhalts the human life entirely above all sordid considerations, refining and filling it with a subtle influence so akin to divinity, that all baser conceptions vanish at its birth.

Poverty, also, is as fatal to love in some bosoms as sudden affluence. Little faith is to be placed in the stability of "love in a cottage," in the common acceptance of the expression. To the contented disposition love's joys are living everywhere, and deck the threshold of the humble cot with as fair a loveliness as they twine about the portals of the princely palace; but the ambitious spirit, bound by affection alone to a life of toil and privation, frets against its prison bars, until the very presence of the one adored invests life with a bitterness that knows no alleviation save in liberty or destruction.

Real love is ever love, and though its counterfeits may be bought, and lavished in gilded profusion, only the precious metal itself can stand the test of trial and of time. The touchstone of experience, when applied to affection's imitation, will sooner or later develop its real character, but sometimes too late to arrest the vital decay engendered by its poison.

## TO-MORROW.

What is to-morrow? No part of our possession, no part of our inheritance; it is a link in the great chain of duration, but, perhaps, not of our present being.

Clear and bright and steady as it shines to-day, some sudden blast may blow out the lamp of life, and to-morrow may convey us into other company and settle us into other scenes. Boast not of to-morrow, until you have unravelled the book of fate and learned what to-day shall bring forth.

Last night, probably, many a gay youth threw himself on the bed never again to rise, and many a graceful head reposed upon the pillow, where it shall sleep and rest forever. How sad, how severely serious are many to-day, who but yesterday were gay and thoughtless, catching the giddy sweets of the hour, and presuming upon the promised glories of the morrow. "We know not what a day may bring forth."

In every breeze that blows there is a flight of human fate; in every breath we drink lurks insidious poison; in every hour of time is the companionship of fitful jeopardy. In every walk we take death strolls in our footsteps. He watches us in our retirement, follows us in our business, mingles with the angels that stand about our lives. In the very moment when we are least apprehensive, the tyrant springs upon his prey, rejoicing to add to his native horrors the necessary terror of surprise. In the midst of life we are in danger of imminent blight; in the proudest health we may be nearest to mortal malady.

What then is life? Is it not a drifting cloud, an evaporating smoke, an exploding meteor, a painted bubble? A cloud, it will soon scud away; a mass of smoke, it will soon vanish; a meteor, it will soon be shivered; a bubble, it will soon break in its grandest beauty, ere we have known the meaning of its charms.

## HEROES AND CIRCUMSTANCES.

If we look into the history of our celebrated men, we shall find that many of the greatest works of genius, which have raised for their authors an imperishable monument of fame, have been all produced by the fortuitous occurrence of some extraordinary events. Great heroes and statesmen, often owe their rise and celebrity to accidental circumstances. Washington, perhaps, would have died in obscurity, had not the contest for American Independence called forth those great qualities which have rendered his name immortal. But for the wars of revolutionary France, the name of Bonaparte, at this day, would perhaps scarcely be heard beyond the limits of Corsica. To compulsion and necessity are we indebted for some of the greatest works of literary genius, and to the exile and imprisonment of authors are we indebted for many of their most valuable and instructive works. That great man, Sir Walter Raleigh, while confined in the tower, wrote his entertaining history of the world. Cervantes, to amuse the irksomeness of his confinement in a jail, wrote his inimitable Don Quixote. Boetis wrote his consolations of philosophy, in the gloomy vaults of a dungeon. Doctor Dodd, while in prison found his excellent reflections on Death. To the imprisonment of Penn, Fox, and others of their brethren, are we indebted for the most valuable treatises upon the Quaker religion. It is thus to casual events, that great men often owe their celebrity—the misfortunes of some have led the way to glory, and the expansive force of genius has burst forth from the gloomy confines of a prison to instruct and illuminate an admiring world.

## WOUNDED AFFECTION.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their beauty.

As the dove will clasp the arrow that is preying upon its vitals, so is it the nature of woman to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. Even when fortunate she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recess of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood amid the ruins of her peace.

The great charm of existence is at an end, her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams. Look for her after a while and you find friendship weeping o'er her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so soon be brought to "darkness and the worm."

You will be told of some wintry chill, some slight indisposition that laid her low, but no one knows the malady of the heart that sapped her strength, and made her an easy prey to the spoiler.

"Make her grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
To shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West
From her own loved island of sorrow."

A Race street boarder has become color blind from eating green pickles.

Now that cardinal red is the fashionable color, Louisville editors are no longer ashamed of their noses.

THE supreme happiness of a ten year old boy consists in riding horses, eating apples, and wishing himself bigger.

"WHAT does yer want mostly in Heaven, Billy?" asked one newsboy of another, the other day.

"Plenty o' hot waffles and 'lasses onto 'em" was the earnest reply.

"WHAT are you doing here?" asked a policeman of an inebriated stranger, who was gyrating around Independence Hall at midnight.

"Doin'? Whazza reck'n I'm doin', but huntin' fur ze lan'marks o' an (hic) tiquity." He found them.

A GREEN STREET young lady was preparing to get married last week, and while the whole family were engaged in making snow-white habiliments, an old aunt from the country entered, who was not aware of the approaching nuptials. As her eye fell on the array of white garments, one of the nieces asked:

"Aunt Katie, don't you smell a mouse?"

"Well, no," innocently replied the old lady, as she sniffed the atmosphere, "I don't exactly *smell* one, but I heered one under my pillow last night."

RECENTLY, as we were walking through Logan Square, a melancholy individual with an umbrella and a wart on his nose, approached and said:

"Stranger, do I look's though I belonged to the whiskey Ring?"

We thought not.

"Do I look's though I stole little C. Ross?"

We said "No."

"Do I look's though I busted up Hell Gate?"

He didn't.

"Then, stranger, gaze in these pensive eyes, and tell me—oh, tell me truly—what's the state of your financial condition?"

We told him.

"Do you think ten cents 'd break you?"

We thought it would.

"Then, stranger," he said, as he wiped a tear from his left eye, "go back to your mucilage and shears, for I recognize in you a brother editor."

## TO A POST FRIEND.

BY E. S. MITCHELL.

O, nature's grand interpreter
Of mountain, vale, and sea,
Of forest aisles and blossom bells,
I dare to pity thee;
For from the crown that thou should wear,
Without one shade of doubt,
Where gems of purest water burn,
One pearl is sifted out.

The royal pearl of wedded love—
To men God's chief behest,
That should long decades since have laid
Its incense on thy breast.
Yes, reader of God's finger-prints,
From flood to mountain grey,
Along the winding path of life
Thy soul has lost its way.

Hast thou ne'er seen a beckoning hand
Through mists of mountain air,
Or heard the echo of a voice
Like far-off notes of prayer?
Hast thou ne'er met those questioning eyes
That ever turn to thine,
Or seen the foot-prints in the vale
Where rose and ivy twine?

And yet, when through the tangled wood
You wearied paused to rest,
Perchance the mossy sent you take
Her very foot has pressed.
But if, alas! along the road
Where thorns and roses blend,
Thou hast not felt her presence near
I pity thee, O, friend.

And yet, I know when day lets fall
Her page upon the air,
And nature in the holy hush
Has tuned her harp for prayer,
Her spirit with electric touch
Awakes thine inmost soul,
As on the altar of thy heart
She lays a living coal!

And, when from the Olympian heights
The sacred nine come down,
She lays her finger tips upon
Apollo's shining crown:
And then the tide rolls back to thee,
Like ocean waves it rolls,
Nor life, nor death, nor mortal power
Can sever wedded souls!

And when beyond the cold grey sea
Thy pathway widening lies,
And thy unfettered soul shall read
God's deepest mysteries,
May she whose soul is tuned to thine
Unveil her radiant brow
And walk forever by thy side
"In one eternal now!"

## SCIENTIFIC PAPER. No. III.

BY PROFESSOR S. E. POST.

### ATTRACTION

The less one knows about a subject the more interesting it is to talk or hear about it; for everybody likes to hear something new, and it is equally enjoyable to tell it, and very easy to do so when one does not have to confine himself to facts. That is the secret of the fullness and attractiveness of newspapers, especially political ones.

Everybody also likes mystery. A letter in a strange handwriting will produce excitement in the best regulated families. Any amount of nonsense will be eagerly taken down if it is only mysterious enough, and as ignorance is the foundation of mystery, it follows that the less one knows of a subject the more interesting it can be made.

For these reasons our present subject is chosen. Nobody knows what attraction is, although everyone knows something of what it does, for all feel it and try to practise it. Curiously enough those who try most are usually the least successful. Nobody has succeeded in entirely freeing himself from this mysterious principle, however high he soars or however sore he may become in soul and body through misfortune. Every Lazarus has his dog and his angels!

It would have been just as easy, perhaps easier to have left attraction out when matter was created: in that case each separate atom would have been left to wander by itself through space with

"No one to love, none to caress."

But attraction was kindly given to prevent loneliness. What a burden an atom would be to itself to be compelled to wander alone in the infinity of empty space.

Milton's hell would be a welcome haven of refuge to a soul lost in the black abyss of utter isolation.

But we do not wish to dwell here. Attraction has numerous forms, according to circumstances. There is the attraction of gravity. This is very strong—as it holds worlds in their places, and keeps things on the surface of the earth. The attraction of levity is also strong, and acts as a counterpoise to too much gravity. When these alternate properly, as in dancing, the effect is very enlivening and promotive of other attractions.

Attraction of cohesion holds things together. It is especially abundant in mucilage, glue and tar. Gum drops are principally composed of it. Although it is one of the most plentiful things in nature, somehow it is very scarce where most wanted, as in boots, clothing and furniture. The makers of these articles either do not understand philosophy, or do not use their knowledge, for they seldom get enough cohesiveness in their wares.

Butchers and bakers use too much of it, and tough steaks and leather-like pie-crust are the result.

Chemical attraction is a wonderful form of this force. By it things which appear too entirely unlikely to have an interest in each other, unite so closely that neither of them can distinguish itself, but an entirely difficult article appears. As for instance, lye and grease or oil placed together. The lie is sharp biting and altogether harsh in its nature. The grease is the very symbol of easy good nature. A man of smooth polished ways and speech is said to be oily. But when the lye and oil are mingled, neither is left—there is soft-soap instead.

Some critical reader may here suggest that soft-soap in general is made up of lie and oil, but we are not now discussing politics.

Then there are attractions in general, such as jewelry, bright eyes, a splendid moustache, a good figure, say $100,000, a good dinner, a fat office, etc., etc.

These depend more on the person who is attracted than on anything they possess in themselves.

Appetites differ, and vary in the same individual at different times.

A trout likes a dainty fly; a pickerel will snap at a high-colored insect. A catfish will take almost anything which comes along.

People act in the same way. The great art of life as generally practiced is to know what bait to use. You can attract some men with a smile, others want a broad laugh. Some girls turn up their noses at a mechanic and fly into the arms of a fool if he has money or a title. Such things are among the greatest mysteries of the subject. In short, the more we consider this wonderful matter, the more we shall discover that we know less and less about it, and we therefore prudently pause.

CHILDHOOD.—There is no age at which we are not apt to follow the example of those around us, but it is in childhood, above all, that example exerts its greatest powers. It is the nature of children to imitate all they see; it is by this means they learn so much during the first years of their life. We see that speech is taught them by imitating those around them, but we are too little aware how many of the passions and feelings we call natural, are often taught in the earliest infancy.

## THE PHILOSOPHER'S PENDULUM --A TALE FROM GERMANY.

BY RUDOLPH LINDAU.

### CHAPTER I.

DRINKING TO MEMORY.

During many long years Hermann Fabricius had lost sight of his friend Henry Warren, and had forgotten him.

Yet when students together they had loved each other dearly, and more than once they had sworn eternal friendship. This was at a period which, though not very remote, we seem to have left far behind us—a time when young men still believed in eternal friendship, and could feel enthusiasm for great deeds or great ideas. Youth in the present day is, or thinks itself, more rational. Hermann and Warren in those days were simple-minded and ingenious; and not only in the moment of elation when they had sworn to be friends for ever, but even the next day, and the day after that, in sober earnestness, they had vowed that nothing should separate them, and that they would remain united through life. The delusion had not lasted long. The pitiless machinery of life had caught up the young men as soon as they left the university, and had thrown one to the right, the other to the left. For a few months they had exchanged long and frequent letters; then they had met once, and finally they had parted, each going his way. Their letters had become more scarce, more brief, and at last had ceased altogether. It would really seem that the fact of having interests in common is the one thing sufficiently powerful to prolong and keep up the life of epistolary relations. A man may feel great affection for an absent friend, and yet not find time to write him ten lines, while he will willingly expend daily many hours on a stranger from whom he expects something. None the less he may be a true and honest friend. Man is naturally selfish; the instinct of self-preservation requires it of him. Provided he be not wicked, so that he show himself ready to serve his neighbor—after himself—no one has a right to complain, or to accuse him of hard-heartedness.

At the time this story begins, Hermann had even forgotten whether he had written to Warren last, or whether he had left his friend's last letter unanswered. In a word, the correspondence which began so enthusiastically had entirely ceased. Hermann inhabited a large town, and had acquired some reputation as a writer. From time to time, in the course of his walks, he would meet a young student with brown hair, and mild, honest-looking blue eyes, whose countenance, with its frank and youthful smile, inspired confidence and invited the sympathy of the passer-by. Whenever Hermann met this young man he would say to himself, "How like Henry at twenty!" and for a few minutes memory would travel back to the already distant days of youth, and he would long to see his dear old Warren again. More than once, on the spur of the moment, he had resolved to try and find out what had become of his old university comrade. But these good intentions were never followed up. On reaching home he would find his table covered with books and pamphlets to be reviewed, and letters from publishers or newspaper editors asking for "copy"—to say nothing of invitations to dinner, which must be accepted or refused; in a word, he found so much *urgent* business to despatch that the evening would go by, and weariness would overtake him, before he could make time for inquiring about his old friend.

In the course of years, the life of most men becomes so regulated that no time is left for anything beyond "necessary work." But, indeed, the man who lives only for his own pleasure—doing, so to speak, nothing—is rarely better in this respect than the writer, the banker, and the *savant*, who are overburdened with work.

One afternoon, as Hermann, according to his custom, was returning home about five o'clock, his porter handed him a letter bearing the American post-mark. He examined it closely before opening it. The large and rather stiff handwriting on the address seemed familiar, and yet he could not say to whom it belonged. Suddenly his countenance brightened, and he exclaimed, "A letter from Henry!" He tore open the envelope, and read as follows:—

"MY DEAR HERMANN.—It is fortunate that one of us at least should have attained celebrity. I saw your name on the outside of a book of which you are the author. I wrote at once to the publisher; that obliging man answered me by return of post, and, thanks to these circumstances, I am enabled to tell you that I will land at Hamburg towards the end of September. Write to me there, *Post Restante*, and let me know if you are willing to receive me for a few days. I can take Leipzig on my way home, and would do so most willingly if you say that you would see me again with pleasure. Your old friend,

"HENRY WARREN."

Below the signature there was a postscript of a single line: "This is my present face." And from an inner envelope Hermann drew a small photograph, which he carried to the window to examine leisurely. As he looked a painful expression of sadness came over him. The portrait was that of an old man. Long gray hair fell in disorder over a care-worn brow; the eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, had a strange and disquieting look of fixity; and the mouth, surrounded by deep furrows, seemed to tell its own long tale of sorrow.

"Poor Henry!" said Hermann; "this, then, is your present face! And yet he is not old; he is younger than I am; he can scarcely be thirty-eight. Can I, too, be already an old man?"

He walked up to the glass, and looked attentively at the reflection of his own face. No! those were not the features of a man whose life was near its close; the eye was bright, and the complexion indicated vigor and health. Still, it was not a young face. Thought and care had traced their furrows round the mouth and about the temples, and the general expression was one of melancholy, not to say despondency.

"Well, well, we have grown old," said Hermann, with a sigh. "I had not thought about it this long while; and now this photograph has reminded me of it painfully." Then he took up his pen and wrote to say how happy he would be to see his old friend again as soon as possible.

The next day, chance brought him face to face in the street with the young student who was so like Warren. "Who knows?" thought Hermann; "fifteen or twenty years hence this young man may look no brighter than Warren does to-day. Ah, life is not easy! It has a way of saddening joyous looks, and imparting severity to smiling lips. As for me, I have no real right to complain of my life. I have lived pretty much like everybody; a little satisfaction, and then a little disappointment, turn by turn; and often small worries; and so my youth has gone by, I scarcely know how."

On the 2d of October Hermann received a telegram from Hamburg announcing the arrival of Warren for the same evening. At the appointed hour he went to the railway station to meet his friend. He saw him get down from the carriage slowly, and rather heavily, and he watched him for a few seconds before accosting him. Warren appeared to him old and broken-down, and even more feeble than he had expected to see him from his portrait. He wore a travelling suit of gray cloth so loose and wide that it hung in folds on the gaunt and stooping figure; a large wideawake hat was drawn down to his very eyes. The new-comer looked right and left, seeking no doubt to discover his friend; not seeing him, he turned his weary and languid steps towards the way out. Hermann then came forward. Warren recognized him at once; a sunny youthful smile lighted up his countenance, and, evidently much moved, he stretched out his hand. An hour later, the two friends were seated opposite to each other before a well-spread table in Hermann's comfortable apartments.

Warren ate very little; but, on the other hand, Hermann noticed with surprise and some anxiety that his friend, who had been formerly a model of sobriety, drank a good deal. Wine, however, seemed to have no effect on him. The pale face did not flush; there was the same cold fixed look in the eye; and his speech, though slow and dull in tone, betrayed no embarrassment.

When the servant who had waited at dinner had taken away the dessert and brought in coffee, Hermann wheeled two big arm-chairs close to the fire, and said to his friend—

"Now, we will not be interrupted. Light a cigar, make yourself at home, and tell me all you have been doing since we parted."

Warren pushed away the cigars. "If you do not mind," said he, "I will smoke my pipe. I am used to it, and prefer it to the best of cigars."

So saying, he drew from its well worn case an old pipe, whose color showed it had been long used, and filled it methodically with moist, blackish tobacco. Then he lighted it, and after sending forth one or two loud puffs of smoke, he said, with an air of sovereign satisfaction—

"A quiet, comfortable room—a friend—a good pipe after dinner—and no care for the morrow. That's what I like."

Hermann cast a sidelong glance at his companion, and was painfully struck at his appearance. The tall, gaunt frame in its stooping attitude; the grayish hair, and sad, fixed look; the thin legs crossed one over the other; the elbow resting on the knee and supporting the chin—in a word, the whole strange figure, as it sat there, bore no resemblance to Henry Warren, the friend of his youth. This man was a stranger, a mysterious being even. Nevertheless, the affection he felt for his friend was not impaired; on the contrary, pity entered into his heart. "How ill the world must have used him," thought Hermann, "to have thus disfigured him!" Then he said aloud—

"Now, then, let me have your story, unless you prefer to hear mine first."

He strove to speak lightly, but he felt that the effort was not successful. As to Warren, he went on smoking quietly, without saying a word. The long silence at last became painful. Hermann began to feel an uncomfortable sensation of distress in presence of the strange guest he had brought to his home. After a few minutes, he ventured to ask for the third time, "Will you make up your mind to speak, or must I begin?"

Warren gave vent to a little noiseless laugh. "I am thinking how I can answer your question. The difficulty is that, to speak truly, I have absolutely nothing to tell. I wonder now—and it was that made me pause—how it has happened that, throughout my life, I have been bored by—nothing. As if it would not have been quite as natural, quite as easy, and far pleasanter, to have been amused by that same nothing—which has been my life. The fact is, my dear fellow, that I have had no deep sorrow to bear, neither have I been happy. I have not been extraordinarily successful, and have drawn none of the prizes of life. But I am well aware that, in this respect, my lot resembles that of thousands of other men. I have always been obliged to work. I have earned my bread by the sweat of my brow. I have had money difficulties; I have even had a hopeless passion—but what then? every one has had that. Besides, that was in bygone days; I have learned to bear it, and to forget. What pains and angers me is, to have to confess that my life has been spent without satisfaction and without happiness."

He paused an instant, and then resumed, more calmly—"A few years ago I was foolish enough to believe that things might in the end turn out better. I was a professor with a very moderate salary at the school at Elmira. I taught all I knew, and much that I had to learn in order to be able to teach it—Greek and Latin, German and French, mathematics and physical sciences. During the so-called play-hours I even gave music lessons. In the course of the whole day there were few moments of liberty for me. I was perpetually surrounded by a crowd of rough, ill-bred boys, whose only object during lessons was to catch me making a fault in English. When evening came, I was quite worn out; still, I could always find time to dream for half an hour or so with my eyes open before going to bed. Then all my desires were accomplished, and I was supremely happy. At last I had drawn a prize! I was successful in everything; I was rich, honored, powerful—what more can I say? I astonished the world—or rather, I astonished Ellen Gilmore, who for me was the whole world. Hermann, have you ever been as mad? Have you, too, in a waking dream, been in turn a statesman, a millionaire, the author of a sublime work, a victorious general, the head of a great political party? Have you dreamt nonsense such as that? I, who am here, have been all I say—in dreamland. Never mind; that was a good time. Ellen Gilmore, whom I have just mentioned, was the elder sister of one of my pupils, Francis Gilmore, the most undisciplined boy of the school. His parents, nevertheless, insisted on his learning something; and as I had the reputation of possessing unwearying patience, I was selected to give him private lessons. That was how I obtained a footing in the Gilmore family. Later on, when they had found out that I was somewhat of a musician—you may remember, perhaps, that for an amateur I was a tolerable performer on the piano—I went every day to the house to teach Latin and Greek to Francis, and music to Ellen.

"Now, picture to yourself the situation, and then laugh at your friend as he has laughed at himself many a time. On the other side—the Gilmore side—a large fortune and no lack of pride; an intelligent, shrewd, and practical father; an ambitious and vain mother; an affectionate but spoilt boy; and a girl of nineteen, surpassingly lovely, with a cultivated mind and great good sense. On the other hand, you have Henry Warren, aged twenty-nine; in his dreams the author of a famous work, or the commander-in-chief of the Northern armies, or, it may be, President of the Republic—in reality, Professor at Elmira College, with a modest stipend of seventy dollars a month. Was it not evident that the absurdity of my position as a suitor for Ellen would strike me at once? Of course it did. In my lucid moments, when I was not dreaming, I was a very rational man, who had read a good deal, and learned not a little; and it would have been sheer madness in me to have indulged for an instant in the hope of a marriage between Ellen and myself. I knew it was an utter impossibility—as impossible as to be elected President of the United States; and yet, in spite of myself, I dreamed of it. However, I must do myself the justice to add that my passion inconvenienced nobody. I would no more have spoken of it than of my imaginary command of the army of the Potomac. The pleasures which my love afforded me could give umbrage to no one. Yet I am convinced that Ellen read my secret. Not that she ever said a word to me on the subject; no look or syllable of hers could have made me suspect that she had guessed the state of my mind.

"One single incident I remember which was not in accordance with her habitual reserve in this respect. I noticed one day that her eyes were red. Of course I dared not ask her why she had cried. During the lesson she seemed absent; and when leaving, she said, without looking at me, 'I may perhaps be obliged to interrupt our lessons for some little time; I am very sorry. I wish you every happiness.' Then, without raising her eyes, she quickly left the room. I was bewildered. What could her words mean? And why had they been said in such an affectionate tone?

"The next day Francis Gilmore called to inform me, with his father's compliments, he was to have four days' holidays, because his sister had just been betrothed to Mr. Howard, a wealthy New York merchant, and that, for the occasion, there would be great festivities at home.

"Thenceforward there was an end of the dreams which up to that moment had made life pleasant. In sober reason I had no more cause to deplore Ellen's marriage than to feel aggrieved because Grant had succeeded Johnson as President. Nevertheless you can scarcely conceive how much this affair—I mean the marriage—grieved me. My absolute nothingness suddenly stared me in the face. I saw myself as I was—a mere schoolmaster, with no motive for pride in the past, or pleasure in the present, or hope in the future."

Warren's pipe had gone out while he was telling his story. He cleaned it out methodically, drew from his pocket a cake of Cavendish tobacco, and after cutting off with a penknife the necessary quantity, refilled his pipe and lit it. The way which he performed all these little operations betrayed long habit. He had ceased to speak while he was relighting his pipe, and kept on whistling between his teeth. Hermann looked on silently. After a few minutes, and when the pipe was in good order, Warren resumed his story.

"For a few weeks I was terribly miserable; not so much because I had lost Ellen—a man cannot lose what he has never hoped to possess—as from the ruin of all my illusions. During those days I plucked and ate by the dozen of the fruits of the tree of self-knowledge, and I found them very bitter. I ended by leaving Elmira to seek my fortunes elsewhere. I knew my trade well. Long practice had taught me how to make the best of my learning, and I never had any difficulty in finding employment. I taught successfully in upwards of a dozen States in the Union. I can scarcely recollect the names of all the places where I have lived—Sacramento, Chicago, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Boston, New York; I have been everywhere—everywhere. And everywhere I have met with the same rude schoolboys, just as I have found the same regular and irregular verbs in Latin and Greek. If you would see a man thoroughly satiated with schoolboys and classical grammars, look at me.

"In the leisure time which, whatever might be my work, I still contrived to make for myself, I indulged in philosophical reflections. Then it was I took the habit of smoking so much."

Warren stopped suddenly, and looking straight before him, appeared plunged in thought. Then, passing his hand over his forehead, he repeated, in an absent manner, "Yes, of smoking so much. I also took another habit," he added, somewhat hastily—"but that has nothing to do with my story. The theory which especially occupied my thoughts was that of the oscillations of an ideal instrument of my own imagining, to which, in my own mind, I gave the name of the *Philosopher's Pendulum*. To this invention I owe the quietude of mind which has supported me for many years, and which, as you see, I now enjoy. I said to myself that my great sorrow—if I may so call it without presumption—had arisen merely from my wish to be extraordinarily happy. When, in his dreams, a man has carried presumption so far as to attain to the heights of celebrity or to being the husband of Ellen Gilmore, there was nothing wonderful, if, on awaking, he sustained a heavy fall before reaching the depths of reality. Had I been less ambitious in my desires, their realization would have been easier, or, at any rate, the disappointment would have been less bitter. Starting from this principle I arrived at the logical conclusion that the best means to avoid being unhappy is to wish for as little happiness as possible. This truth was discovered by my philosophical forefathers many centuries before the birth of Christ, and I lay no claim to being the finder of it; but the outward symbol which I ended by giving to this idea is—at least I fancy it is—of my invention.

"Give me a sheet of paper and a pencil," he added, turning to his friend, "and with a few lines I can demonstrate clearly the whole thing."

Hermann handed him what he wanted without a word. Warren then began gravely to draw a large semicircle, open at the top, and above the semicircular line a pendulum, which fell perpendicularly and touched the circumference at the exact point where on the dial of a clock would be inscribed the figure VI. This done, he wrote on the right-hand side of the pendulum, beginning from the bottom and at the place of the hours V, IV, III, the words, *Moderate Desires,—Great Hopes, Ambition—Unbridled Passion. Mania for Greatness.* Then turning the paper upside down, he wrote on the opposite side, where on a dial would be marked VII, VIII, IX, the words, *Slight Troubles—Deep Sorrow, Disappointment—Despair.* Lastly, in the place of VI, just where the pendulum fell, he sketched a large black spot, which he shaded off with great care, and above which he wrote, like a scroll, *Dead Stop, Absolute Repose.*

Having finished this little drawing, Warren laid down his pipe, in limed his head on one side, and raising his eyebrows, examined his work with a critical frown. "This compass is not yet quite complete," he said; "there is something missing. Between *Dead Stop* and *Moderate Desires* on the right, and *Slight Troubles* on the left, there is the beautiful line of *Calm and Rational Indifference.* However, such as the drawing is, it is sufficient to demonstrate my theory. Do you follow me?"

Hermann nodded affirmatively. He was greatly pained. In lieu of the friend of his youth, for whom he had hoped a brilliant future, here was a poor monomaniac.

"You see," said Warren, speaking collectedly, like a professor, "if I raise my pendulum till it reaches the point *Moderate Desires*, and then let it go, it will naturally swing to the point of *Slight Troubles*, and go no further. Then it will oscillate for some time in a more and more limited space on the line of *Indifference*, and finally it will stand still without any jerk

on *Dead Stop, Absolute Repose.* That is a great consolation!"

He paused, as if waiting for some remark from Hermann; but as the latter remained silent, Warren resumed his demonstration.

"You understand now, I suppose, what I am coming to. If I raise the pendulum to the point of *Ambition* or *Mania for Greatness*, and then let it go, the same law which I have already applied will drive it to *Deep Sorrow* or *Despair*. That is quite clear, is it not?"

"Quite clear," repeated Hermann, sadly.

"Very well," continued Warren, with perfect gravity; "for my misfortune, I discovered this fine theory rather late. I had not set bounds to my dreams and limited them to trifles. I had wished to be President of the Republic, an illustrious savant, the husband of Ellen. No great things, eh? What say you to my modesty? I had raised the pendulum to such a giddy height that when it slipped from my impotent hands it naturally performed a long oscillation, and touched the point *Despair*. That was a miserable time. I hope you have never suffered what I suffered then. I lived in a perpetual nightmare—like the stupor of intoxication." He paused, as he had done before, and then, with a painfully nervous laugh, he added, "Yes, like intoxication. I drank." Suddenly a spasm seemed to pass over his face, he looked serious and sad as before, and he said, with a shudder, "It's a terrible thing to see one's self inwardly, and to know that one is fallen."

After this he remained long silent. At last, raising his head, he turned to his friend and said, "Have you had enough of my story, or would you like to hear it to the end?"

"I am grieved at all you have told me," said Hermann; "but pray go on; it is better I should know all."

"Yes; and I feel, too, that it relieves me to pour out my heart. Well, I used to drink. One takes the horrid habit in American far easier than anywhere else. I was obliged to give up more than one good situation because I had ceased to be *respectable*. Anyhow, I always managed to find employment without any great difficulty. I never suffered from want, though I have never known plenty. If I spent too much in drink I took it out of my dress and my boots.

Eighteen months after I had left Elmira, I met Ellen one day in Central Park, in New York. I was aware that she had been married in a twelvemonth. She knew me again at once, and spoke to me. I would have wished to sink into the earth. I knew that my clothes were shabby, that I looked poor, and I fancied that she must discern on my face the traces of the bad habits I had contracted. But she did not, or would not, see anything. She held out her hand, and said in a gentle voice—

"'I am very glad to see you again, Mr. Warren. I have inquired about you, but neither my father nor Francis could tell me what had become of you. I want to ask you to resume the lessons you used to give me. Perhaps you do not know where I live? This is my address,' and she gave me her card.

"I stammered out a few unmeaning words in reply to her invitation. She looked at me, smiling kindly the while; but suddenly the smile vanished, and she added, 'Have you been ill, Mr. Warren? You seem worn.'

"'Yes,' I answered, too glad to find an excuse for my appearance.—'Yes, I have been ill, and I am still suffering.'

"'I am very sorry,' she said in a low voice.

"Laugh at me, Hermann—call mean incorrigible madman; but believe me when I say that her looks conveyed to me the impression of more than common interest or civility. A thrilling sense of pain shot through my frame. What had I done that I should be so cruelly tried? A mist passed before my eyes; anxiety, intemperance, sleeplessness, had made me weak. I tottered backwards a few steps. She turned horribly pale. All around us was the crowd—the careless, indifferent crowd.

"'Come and see me soon,' she added hastily, and left me. I saw her get into a carriage, which she had doubtless quitted to take a walk; and when she drove past, she put her head out and looked at me with her eyes wide open—there was an almost wildly anxious expression in them.

"I went home. My way led me past her house—it was a palace. I shut myself up in my wretched hotel-room, and once more I fell to dreaming. Ellen loved me; she admired me; she was not forever lost to me! The pendulum was swinging, you see, up as high as *Madness*. Explain to me if you can, how it happens that a being perfectly rational in ordinary life should at certain seasons, and, so to speak, voluntarily, be bereft of reason. To excuse and explain my temporary insanity, I am ready to admit that the excitement to which I gave way may have been a symptom of the nervous malady which laid hold of me a few days later, and stretched me for weeks on a bed of pain.

"As I became convalescent, reason and composure returned. But it was too late. In the space of two months, twenty years had passed over my head. When I rose from my sick-bed I was as feeble and as broken-down as you see me now. My past had been cheerless and dim, without one ray of happiness; yet that past was all my life! Henceforward there was nothing left for me to undertake, to regret, or to desire. The pendulum swung idly backwards and forwards on the line of *Indifference*. I wonder what are the feelings of successful men—of men who have been victorious generals, prime ministers, celebrated authors, and that sort of thing! Upheld by a legitimate pride, do they retire satisfied from the lists when evening comes, or do they lay down their arms as I did, disappointed and dejected and worn out with the fierce struggle? Can no man with impunity look into his own heart and ask himself how his life has been spent?"

Here Warren made a still longer pause than before, and appeared absorbed in gloomy thought. At last he resumed in a lower tone—

"I had not followed up Ellen's invitation. But in some way she had discovered my address, and knew of my illness. Do not be alarmed, my dear Hermann; my story will not become romantic. No heavenly vision appeared to me during my fever; I felt no gentle white hands laid on my burning brow. I was nursed at the hospital, and very well nursed too; I figured there as 'Number 380,' and the whole affair was, as you see, as prosaic as possible. But on quitting the hospital, and as I was taking leave of the manager, he handed me a letter, in which was enclosed a note for 500 dollars. In the envelope there was also the following note:

"'An old friend begs your acceptance, as a loan, of the inclosed sum. It will be time enough to think of paying off this debt when you are strong enough to resume work, and you can then do it by instalments, of which you can yourself fix the amount, and remit them to the hospital of New York.'

"It was well meant, no doubt, but it caused me a painful impression. My determination was taken at once. I refused without hesitation. I asked the manager, who had been watching me with a friendly smile while I read the letter, whether he could give the name of the person who had sent it. In spite of his repeated assurances that he did not know it, I never doubted for a single instant that he was concealing the truth. After a few seconds' reflection I asked if he would undertake to forward an answer to my unknown correspondent; and on his consenting to do so, I promised that he should have my answer the next day.

"I thought long over my letter. One thing was plain to me—it was Ellen who had come to my help. How could I reject her generous aid without wounding her, or appearing ungrateful? After great hesitation I wrote a few lines, which, as far as I can recollect, ran thus:—

"'I thank you for the interest you have shown me, but it is impossible for me to accept the sum you place at my disposal. Do not be angry with me because I return it. Do not withdraw your sympathy; I will strive to remain worthy of it, and will never forget your goodness.'

"A few days later, after having confided this letter to the manager, I left New York for San Francisco. For several years I heard nothing from Ellen; her image grew gradually fainter, and at last almost disappeared from my memory.

"The dark river that bore the frail bark which carried me and my fortunes was carrying me smoothly and unconsciously along towards the mysterious abyss where all that exists is engulfed. Its course lay through a vast desert; and the banks which passed before my eyes were of fearful sameness. Indescribable lassitude took possession of my whole being. I had never, knowingly, practiced evil; I had loved and sought after good. Why, then, was I so wretched? I would have blessed the rock which wrecked my bark so that I might have been swallowed up and gone down to my eternal rest. Up to the day when I heard of Ellen's betrothal I had hoped that the morrow would bring happiness. The long-wished-for morrow had come at last, gloomy and colorless, without realizing any of my vague hopes. Henceforward my life was at an end."

Warren said these last words so indistinctly that Hermann could scarcely hear them; he seemed to be speaking to himself rather than to his friend. Then he raised the forefinger of his right hand, and after moving it slowly from right to left, in imitation of the swing of a pendulum, he placed it on the large black dot he had drawn on the sheet of paper exactly below his pendulum, and said, "*Dead Stop, Absolute Repose.* Would that the end were come!"

Another and still longer interval of silence succeeded, and at last Hermann felt constrained to speak.

"How came you to make up your mind," he said, "to return to Europe?"

"Ah, yes, to be sure," answered Warren, hurriedly; "the story—the foolish story—is not ended. In truth it has no end, as it had no beginning; it is a thing without form or purpose, and less the history of a life than of a mere journeying towards death. Still I will finish—following chronological order. It does not weary you?"

"No, no; go on my dear friend."

"Very well. I spent several years in the United States. The pendulum worked well. It came and went, to and fro, slowly along the line of *Indifference*, without ever transgressing, as its extreme limits on either hand, *Moderate Desires* and *Slight Troubles*. I led obscurely a contemplative life, and I was generally considered a queer character. I fulfilled my duties, and took little heed of any one. Whenever I had an hour at my disposal, I sought solitude in the neighboring woods, far from the town and from mankind. I used to lie down under the big trees. Every season in turn, spring and summer, autumn and winter, had its peculiar charm for me. My heart, so full of bitterness, felt lightened as soon as I listened to the rustling of the foliage overhead. The forest! There is nothing finer in all creation. A deep calm seemed to settle down upon me. I was growing old. I was forgetting. It was about this time that, in consequence of my complete indifference to all surroundings, I acquired the habit of answering 'Very well' to everything that was said. The words came so naturally that I was not aware of my continual use of them, until one day one of my fellow-teachers happened to tell me that masters and pupils alike had given me the nickname of 'Very well.' Is it not odd that one who has never succeeded in anything should be known as 'Very well?'

"I have only one other little adventure to relate, and I will have told all. Then I can listen to your story.

"Last year, my journeyings brought me to the neighborhood of Elmira. It was holiday time. I had nothing to do, and I had in my purse a hundred hardly-earned dollars, or thereabout. The wish seized me to revisit the scene of my joys and my sorrows. I had not set foot in the place for more than seven years. I was so changed that nobody could know me again; nor would I have cared much if they had. After visiting the town and looked at my old school, and the house where Ellen had lived, I bent my steps towards the park, which is situated in the environs—a place where I used often to walk in company of my youthful dreams. It was September, and evening was closing in. The oblique rays of the setting sun sent a reddish gleam through the leafy branches of the old oaks. I saw a woman seated on a bench beneath a tree on one side of the path. As I drew near I recognized Ellen. I remained rooted to the spot where I stood, not daring to move a step. She was stooping forward with her head bent down, while with the end of her parasol she traced lines upon the gravel. She had not seen me. I turned back instantly, and retired without making any noise. When I had gone a little distance, I left the path and struck into the wood. Once there I looked back cautiously. Ellen was still at the same place, and in the same attitude. Heaven knows what thoughts passed through my brain! I longed to see her closer. What danger was there? I was sure she would not know me again. I walked towards her with the careless step of a casual passerby, and in a few minutes passed before her. When my shadow fell on the path, she looked up, and our eyes met. My heart was beating fast. Her look was cold and indifferent; but suddenly a strange light shot into her eyes, and she made a quick movement, as if to rise. I saw no more, and went on without turning round. Before I could get out of the park her carriage drove past me, and I saw her once more as I had seen her five years before in Central Park, pale, with distended eyes, and her anxious looks fixed upon me. Why did I not bow to her? I cannot say; my courage failed me. I saw the light die out of her eyes. I almost fancied that I saw her heave a sigh of relief as she threw herself back carelessly in the carriage; and she disappeared. I was then thirty-six, and I am almost ashamed to relate the schoolboy's trick of which I was guilty. I sent her the following lines—'A devoted friend, whom you obliged in former days, and who met you yesterday in the park without your recognizing him, sends you his remembrances.' I posted this letter a few minutes before getting into the train which was to take me to New York; and, as I did so, my heart beat as violently as though I had performed a heroic deed. Great adventures, forsooth! And to think that my life presents none more striking, and that trifles such as these are the only food for my memory!

"A twelvemonth later I met Francis Gilmore in Broadway. The world is small—so small that it is really difficult to keep out of the way of people one has once known. The likeness of my former pupil to his sister struck me and I spoke to him. He looked at me at first with a puzzled expression, but after a few moments of hesitation he recognized me, a bright smile lighted up his pleasant face, and he shook hands warmly.

"'Mr. Warren,'" he exclaimed, "'how glad I am to see you! Ellen and I have often talked of you, and wondered what had become of you. Why did we never hear from you?'

"'I did not suppose it would interest you.'" I spoke timidly; and yet I owed nothing to the young fellow, and wanted nothing of him.

"'You wrong us by saying that,'" replied Francis. "'Do you think me ungrateful? Do you fancy I have forgotten our pleasant walks in former days, and the long conversations we used to have? You alone ever taught me anything, and it is to you I owe the principles that have guided me through life. Many a day I have thought of you, and regretted you sincerely. As regards Ellen, no one has ever filled your place with her; she plays to this day the same pieces of music you taught her, and follows all your directions with a fidelity that would touch you.'

"'How are your father and mother, and how is your sister?'" I inquired, feeling more deeply moved than I can express.

"'My poor mother died three years ago. It is Ellen who keeps house now.'

"'Your brother-in-law lives with you, then?'

"'My brother-in-law!'" replied Francis, with surprise; "'did you not know that he was on board the Atlantic, which was lost last year in the passage from Liverpool to New York?'

"I could find no words to reply.

"'As to that,'" added Francis, with great composure, "'between you and me, he was no great loss. My dear brother-in-law was not by any means what my father fancied he was when he gave him my sister as a wife. The whole family has often regretted the marriage. Ellen lived apart from her husband for many years before his death.'

"I nodded so as to express my interest in his communications, but I could not for worlds have uttered a syllable.

"'You will come and see us soon, I hope,'" added Francis, without noticing my emotion. "'We are still at the same place; but to make sure, here is my card. Come, Mr. Warren, name your own day to come and dine with us. I promise you a hearty welcome.'

"I got off promising to write the next day, and we parted.

"Fortunately my mind had lost its former liveliness. The pendulum, far from being urged to unruly motion, continued to swing slowly in the narrow space where it had oscillated for so many years. I said to myself that to renew my intimacy with the Gilmores would be to run the almost certain risk of reviving the sorrows and the disappointments of the past. I was then calm and rational. It would be madness in me, I felt, to aspire to the hand of a young, wealthy, and much-admired widow. To venture to see Ellen again was to incur the risk of seeing my reason once more wrecked, and the fatal chimera which had been the source of all my misery start into life again. If we are to believe what poets say, love ennobles man and exalts him into a demi-god. It may be so, but it turns him likewise into a fool and a madman. That was my case. At any cost I was to guard against that fatal passion. I argued seriously with myself, and I determined to let the past be, and to reject every opportunity of bringing it to life again.

"A few days before my meeting with Francis, I had received tidings of the death of an old relative, whom I scarcely knew. In my childhood I had, on one or two occasions, spent my holidays at his house. He was gloomy and taciturn, but nevertheless, he had always welcomed me kindly. I have a vague remembrance of having been told that he had been in love with my mother once upon a time, and that on hearing of her marriage he had retired into the solitude which he never left till the day of his death; be that as it may, I had not lost my place in his affections, it seems; and on his death-bed he had remembered me, and left me the greater part of his not very considerable fortune. I inherited little money, but there was a small, comfortably-furnished country-house, and an adjoining farm, let on a long lease for £240 per annum. This was wealth for me, and more than enough to satisfy all my wants. Since I had heard of this legacy I had been doubtful as to my movements. My chance meeting with Francis settled the matter. I resolved at once to leave America, and to return to live in my native country. I knew your address, and wrote to you at once. I trusted that the sight of my old and only friend would console me for the disappointments that life has inflicted on me—and I have not been deceived. At last I have been able to open my heart to a fellow-creature, and relieve myself of the heavy burden which I have borne alone ever since our separation. Now I feel lighter. You are not a severe judge. Doubtless you deplore my weakness, but you do not condemn me. If, as I have already said, I have done no good, neither have I committed any wicked action. I have been a nonentity—an utterly useless being; 'one too many,' like the sad hero of Tourguenell's sad story. Before leaving, I wrote to Francis informing him that the death of a relative obliged me to return to Europe, and giving him your address, so as not to seem to be running away from him. Then I went on board, and at last reached your home. *Dixi!*"

Warren, who during this long story had taken care to keep his pipe alight, and had, moreover, nearly drained the bottle of port placed before him, now declared himself ready to listen to his friend's confession. But Hermann had been saddened by all he had heard, and was in no humor for talking; he remarked that it was getting late, and proposed to postpone any further conversation till the morrow.

Warren merely answered, "very well," knocked the ashes out of his pipe, shared out the remainder of the wine between his host and himself, and raising his glass, said, in a somewhat solemn tone, "to our youth, Hermann!" After emptying his glass at one draught, he replaced it on the table, and said complacently. "It is long since I have drunk with so much pleasure; for this time I have not drunk to forgetfulness, but to memory."

[CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.]

PROVERBS FROM SHAKSPERE.—A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her. Wisely, and slow; they stumble that run fast. Wake not a sleeping wolf. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate. There is no fettering of authority. The raven doth not hatch a lark. A little fire is quickly trodden out; which, being suffered, rivers cannot quench. A fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right, 'twill hardly come out. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both sides, like a leather jerkin.

## NEWS NOTES.

THE Emperor of Germany visited Leipsic on August 5th for the first time since 1813.

MR. PLIMPSOLL, M. P., is visiting Norway, where he has had a very enthusiastic reception.

THE fire and life insurance companies of the city have contributed $1,100 for the yellow fever sufferers in Savannah.

A DISTANT shock of earthquake was felt in New Bedford, Fairhaven, Amherst, and Dartmouth about 11:30 o'clock Thursday night.

THE city is full of Centennial visitors. The hotels are crowded, and the various places of public amusement night after night have every seat occupied.

JOSEPH DE CHELIUS, the best known of German surgeons, whose "Manual of Surgery" has long been a medical classic, has just died at Heidelberg, aged 82.

MR. M. S. W. BURNHAM, one of our few astronomers who have a European reputation, has been appointed director of the Dearborn University at Chicago.

PRINCE BISMARCK'S health is improving, and he will be able to attend the sessions of the Reichstag. His visit to England next spring is doubtful, to say the least.

THE "Dardenong," from Melbourne to Sydney, foundered near Jervis Bay during a hurricane on the 11th ult. Sixty of the crew and passengers were drowned.

THE Vienna correspondent of the *Times* telegraphs that the idea of appointing a commission to arrange the details of a settlement in the disturbed provinces gains favor.

ONE of the 303 authors of "Beautiful Snow" has just been arrested for embezzlement. His name is U. H. Sigourney, or U. C. Steloway, or Colonel Huntley, as you like it.

THE Seward statue in Madison Square, New York, was unveiled on last Wednesday. Gilmore's band furnished the music, and Secretary Fish and Mr. Evarts the speeches.

ALL the furniture and fixtures of the late banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co., have been sold. Property that cost at the time of its purchase about $16,000 sold for $1,200.

THE British ship "Lammermoor," bound from Calcutta to Demerara, is posted at Lloyds as missing. It is believed she has foundered with all hands and 300 coolie emigrants.

A TELEGRAM from St. John, N. B., reports that Fulton and Price have been expelled from the Paris crew. Each charged the other with having sold the race at Philadelphia.

PRIVATE advices received in Washington from New York state that the Silver Commission has made considerable progress in the preliminaries. The discussions, it is said, indicate that the remonetization of silver will be recommended in its report.

THE Rev. Dr. Mitchell, professor of Hebrew and Old Testament literature in the Chicago Theological Seminary, has been invited to fill, temporarily, the chair of Hebrew in the Regent's Park College, London, made vacant by the death of Dr. Benjamin Davies.

THE report of the proposed marriage of Mrs. Annette Hicks, the wealthy New York widow, now travelling abroad, to Lord Henry Gordon Lennox is authoritatively declared to be unfounded, Mrs. Hicks having no intention of renouncing her present position of independent widowhood.

REV. HENRY HAYWORTH, rector of St. George's Church, Hanover Square, London, is dead. During his thirty years' ministry he joined in wedlock more aristocratic couples than any clergyman in the realm. If Benedicts of noble blood are generous in proportion to their rank he must have handled a snug sum in wedding fees.

TWEED was identified at Vigo, Spain, by the aid of a stray copy of a comic paper published in New York, which contained a caricature representing the fugitive beating a child, supposed to personify Justice. This caricature led the Spanish police to the opinion that Tweed had kidnapped children, and when they arrested him they made an official announcement to the world to that effect.

MISS SUSAN ANN FREE, of the Christian denomination of Clinton, Dutchess county, N. Y., embraced Judaism at the residence of Rev. Dr. Wechsler, recently, in the presence of the president of the Congregation Mishkan Israel and its board of directors. Her name was changed to Miriam, and she was then married to Mr. Gershaun Lissack Simpson, a gentleman of the Hebrew faith living in New York.

VISCOUNT BURY, only son of the Earl of Albemarle, has entered the House of Lords as Baron Ashford, one of his father's titles. It is very unusual for a peer's son to be called to the House of Lords during his father's lifetime. Lord Bury has served an apprenticeship in public affairs, having been some years in the army in India. He was in the Canadian colonial service from 1859 to 1876, and has been a member of the House of Commons several times.

THE annual reunion of the Army of the Tennessee will take place in Washington on October 18 and 19. Invitations have been sent to prominent persons throughout the Union to be present and participate in the ceremonies of unveiling the bronze equestrian statue of General McPherson. The statue is paid for by contributions of his former comrades, and Congress has made an appropriation of $25,000 for the pedestal.

JOHN O'CONNOR POWER, member of Parliament for Mayo county, Ireland, has resigned his position as a member of the Executive Committee of the Home Confederation, and started for the United States, bearing an Irish congratulatory address on the Centennial of American Independence, which he and Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell (Home Rule), member for Meath, have been delegated to present to President Grant.

Two vessels are reported to have foundered in the far East, with a loss in the aggregate of between three and four hundred lives. They who "go down to the sea in ships," especially in the inferior classes of ships, still incur extraordinary perils. Our first-class ocean steamers, however, completely supplied as they are are with life-rafts, small boats and life-preservers, and divided into numerous water-tight compartments, are as safe as most land conveyances.

A CURIOUS story is current in Europe connected with the musical festival at Bayreuth. In one of the operas there is a fire accompanied by a great deal of smoke, which so affected the throat of Niemann, the tenor, that he declared he could not sing, and asked Wagner to suppress the smoke. Wagner said that he must sing, and he could not suppress the smoke as it was necessary to the *ensemble* of the work. "Then," said the tenor, "it will be very easy to arrange the matter; the smoke shall sing and I shall smoke."

## EXHIBITION NOTES.

PERSONS who visit the Exhibition now come and go earlier.

MANY people who bear good characters have a mania for pilfering exhibits.

A DELEGATION of Baltimore policemen will visit the Exhibition to participate in the ceremonies on Maryland's day.

MANY of the walks within the grounds need repairing. Their bad condition is particularly observable in wet weather.

IT is announced, by authority of the Department of Admissions, that there will be no half-fee Saturdays during October.

THE saloon and restaurant keepers in the vicinity of the grounds, or those who are left, don't complain of dull times any more.

OVER half a million people were in attendance at the Exhibition week before last, an increase of about 50,000 over the previous week.

THE statue of Christopher Columbus is expected to be ready for unveiling on the anniversay of the first discovery of America by Columbus, October 12.

ON October 20 the statue of Witherspoon will be unveiled with appropriate ceremonies, in which Governor Bedle, of New Jersey, will make an oration.

BY an increase of its clerical force the Centennial Bank contemplates being able to make the daily reports of admissions with more promptness than heretofore.

THE "popcorn man," who was supposed to be exceedingly rash in paying $5000 for the privilege of selling that article, is reaping a harvest of pecuniary profits.

VIRGINIA, having failed to erect a State building, Governor Rice, of Massachusetts, has placed that building at the disposal of Governor Kemper on Virginia day.

THE British Commission has appointed Mr. Owen Richards, of England, a member of the jury on sheep, and Mr. J. W. Baker, of England, upon the jury on swine.

THE exhibition of neat cattle is a fine one. There are many magnificent specimens of the Jersey and Devon breed. The display of fat and draught cattle is also good.

$400 is the amount thus far received by James L. Claghorn, Esq., treasurer of the Soldiers' Orphans' Centennial Fund, for facilitating the Centennial excursion of the little ones.

THE American Steamship Company makes a beautiful display. The models of the vessels should be seen by every visitor, and the paintings representing the ships at sea are works of art.

THE statue intended to be erected for commemoration of religious liberty by the Jewish Order of B'nai Berith will not be finished in time to put in its intended place near Horticultural Hall.

THE Reading Railroad daily brings large excursion parties from various sections of the State. The same can also be said of the Pennsylvania Central and of the other leading lines centreing in this city.

THE Centennial Light Association, a body recently organized, intend erecting in Fairmount Park, near Memorial Hall, a life-size statue in bronze of William Penn, which will be completed in a short period.

THE entire number of awards made by the judges aggregate between 14,000 and 15,000, of which some 4,000, including the awards on wines and liquors, have not yet been approved by the commission.

THE exhibit of apples, pears, grapes, and other fruit still continues at the Pomological Annex to Agricultural Hall. There are many thousand plates of selected fruits and vegetables and melons that are greatly admired.

BY the direction of the Secretary of War, Capt. James C. Post, of the Corps of Engineers, has been ordered to report in person to Captain D. P. Heap, of the Corps of Engineers, in this city, for temporary duty in connection with the Exposition. Upon the completion of his duty here he will return to his station in New York city.

IN many of the newspapers throughout the country statements still appear that the city is unhealthy and the water bad. These are entirely without foundation. The city is as healthy now as it ever was, and the water which we drink has always been noted for its purity. It is strange that these false reports should have had such a wide circulation.

THROUGH the Bureau of Information, at the grounds, the statement is made that, in an interview on Thursday last, between President Grant and M. Leon Drouillet, Secretary of the French section of the International Committee to study the matter of cutting a canal through the American Isthmus, the President expressed views favoring the execution of the project.

THE New England log-house still attracts crowds of visitors, requiring policemen at its entrance to prevent too great a rush. Miss Southwick, the projector and proprietress, to whom the idea was suggested by seeing the homes of the peasantry when visiting the Vienna Exhibition, thinks of reproducing her specimen of "life in ye olden tyme" at the Paris Exposition of '78.

The total cash admissions to the Main Exhibition for the week ending on Saturday last, as compiled from the figures of the Centennial National Bank, are as follows: At 50 cents, 459,432; at 25 cents, 85,616—total, 545,048. Receipts, $251,120. To the Live-stock Exhibition the cash admissions were 8,320. The average daily free admissions to the Main Exhibition were 11,646; to the Live-stock Exhibition 187.

A LARGE number of foreign exhibits has been purchased by the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, a charter for which was granted by the court last February. The object of the association is to form a Museum and School of Industrial Art, in which not only a theoretical but a thoroughly practical knowledge of all the various industries as practised by every nation in the world can be fully obtained.

THE person who visits the Centennial, and instead of devoting attention to the examination of objects of mechanical skill, or those relating to the fine arts, presses eagerly through the crowd to the place where pop corn or peanuts are sold, or who gazes admiringly at the baubles which pretended Orientals claim to have brought from Eastern lands, fritters away opportunities that in all probability will never again be offered. There are thousands such.

THE hundreds of thousands of Centennial visitors, who for perhaps the first time in their lives have visited a great city like Philadelphia, will, if they have given attention to what they see in the city apart from the great Exhibition, be enabled to carry home with them some faint idea of the dangers to which inexperienced youth is subjected here. Parents who have boys who are thirsting to try city life will be the first to recognize the peril, and it ought to teach them the immense importance of training up their boys with a love for home and a dread of the dangers of the great city.

## REVIEWS.

EVERY DAY TOPICS, by J. G. Holland. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. A selection from the well known "Topics of the Times," which have appeared during the last five years in *Scribner's Monthly*, from the pen of its editor-in-chief. Full of the common sense which characterizes the widely read works of Dr. Holland, and written in his plain yet forcible style, they will be welcomed by all who admire sound opinions and vigorous thought well expressed.

MY OWN CHILD, by Florence Marryatt. D. Appleton & Co. In this exceptionally well written novel is portrayed the intensity and tenacity of a mother's love, heightened by circumstances calculated to bring out its full strength. It secures and keeps the interest and sympathy of the reader to the tragic end, with but little of plot or incident, but mostly by the vivid expression of the passion which forms the staple of the work. For sale by Remsen, Claxton and Haffelfinger.

THE PURITAN REVOLUTION, by Samuel Rawson Gardiner. Scribner, Armstrong & Co. A companion volume to the one on the "Thirty Year's War," by the same author. It traces the progress of thought and resulting events by which the problems of religious liberty in connection with parliamentary government were worked out, and presents a well arranged compendium of the important events during that memorable period which has done so much to introduce a new era in Christendom.

*Blackwood* for August, republished by the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 41 Barclay street, N. Y., is, as usual, full of good reading. "A Woman-Hater—Part III," is a continuation of a new serial. "Domestic Yachting" is a pleasant account of a month's cruise in the English Channel, from Cowes to Cornwall, and across to the Channel Islands and Cherbourg. "A Run through Kathiawar," a peninsula north of Bombay, introduces us to a part of India little travelled, in consequence of the difficulty of obtaing food and conveyances. "Calderon's Tragedies of Jealousy" are the theme of a well written article.

THE INTRODUCTION SERIES OF NOVELS. Porter & Coates. Several volumes of this series have heretofore been noticed in these columns. It is due to the publishers to say that so far as completed, a very high standard of excellence has been maintained. Valentine the Countess, translated from the German by Carl Detlef; Gentianella, by Mrs. Randolph, and Katterfelto, by G. J. Whyte Melville, are specially noticeable. While carefully avoiding mere sensationalism and securing works of high tone, these works are of absorbing interest, and take their rank among the standard novels of the day.

TALKS ABOUT LABOR, by J. N. Larned. In view of the increasing importance which the labor question is assuming, this unpretending but eminently common sense work is worthy careful attention. Without attempting an exhaustive treatise on the subject the author sets forth clearly much of the groundwork necessary to be understood for a fair consideration of the questions involved and indicates the direction in which to look for reform of acknowledged existing wrongs on both sides. Both the capitalist and laborer will find much to interest and instruct, and many of the suggestions we feel confident will meet with wide approval. For sale by Remsen, Claxton & Haffelfinger.

In *Lippincott's Magazine* for October, the Centennial article is devoted to the Art Galleries, and is full of instructive and discriminating criticism. "An African Fairhaven" is the title of a well written paper. "Sicilian Folk-Lore," by Professor T. F. Crane, of Cornell, is rich in amusing and fanciful stories and traditions, while Mr. Edward King's account of "A Day with the Volvoda" is graphically written. Lady Barker continues her entertaining Letters from South Africa, and Mr. Robert Wilson concludes his attractive series of papers on the Eastern Shore of Maryland with a description of the historical remains and memories still extant in that country of peach-growers. From "60 to 65" gives some glimpses of domestic life in the Southwest during the war. "A Fiery Furnace" is the title of a strange and decidedly thrilling story. Miss Olney's serial, "Love in Idleness," advances four chapters. The Poetry of the number is by Maurice Thompson, Emma Lazarus, and Will Wallace Harney, and the Monthly Gossip includes an account by Mrs. Hooper of the Omnibuses of Paris, with other short and readable papers.

## LITERARY AND DRAMATIC.

MISS MARY ALCOTT has sailed for Europe to study art.

FRANK CHANFRAU has realized from his performances of "Kit" in the past six years, an estimated profit of $120,000.

THE managers of Booth's Theatre, New York, have prohibited the throwing of bouquets or the placing of floral offerings upon the stage.

MISS ANNA E. DICKINSON has added another play to her repertoire, written by herself, entitled "Love and Duty," adapted from the novel of "Jane Eyre."

MR. SOTHERN will produce Mr. Byron's new play, written expressly for him, entitled "The Hornet's Nest; In Three Buzzes and a Stinger," at the Globe Theatre, Boston.

ROBERT HELLER, the well known magician and pianist, arrived from England on September 12th, in the steamship Queen. Since he left here, some years ago, he has made a tour of the world.

MR. JOAQUIN MILLER has written a play for Mr. McKee Rankin. The plot is laid west of the Mississippi, and is said to be deeply interesting. The subject matter has in part reference to the Mormon movement and events of the Joe Smith period.

THE series of children's books called "The Story of Elsie," which has in a quiet way won such remarkable popularity is to be extended by the addition of another volume called "Elsie's Motherhood," which will be published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

AN interesting discovery has been made by Prof. Carl Hirsche, of the University of Heidelberg. It is that of an original MS., of the "De Imitatione Christi," in the Royal Library of Brussels. The discovery was made some little time ago, and the Professor has recently published at Berlin a new edition of this ancient manual of devotion in the original language, following the stichometrical arrangement of the sentences, as plainly indicated in the MS. No account of Hirsche's work has yet appeared in English.

MISS FANNY ELLEN ALBERT, author of an article in *Macmillan's Magazine*, on "Harem Life in Turkey," resided in Turkey for five years, and was well acquainted with Dr. Washburne, rector of the American College at Constantinople. She stated at a recent London meeting that Dr. Washburne had placed in the hands of Sir Henry Elliot letters from several Bulgarian youths, old pupils of his, detailing the dreadful atrocities committed by the Bashi-Bazouk, but that Sir Henry had taken no notice of them.

TO GET RID OF FEVER AND AGUE, Intermittent or Remittent Fever, use Dr. D. Jayne's Ague Mixture, a standard remedy, that acts quickly and cures thoroughly. Sold everywhere.

ALSON F. BELCHER, CATERER.
Dining Rooms at 527 and 529 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

### IDA'S CONFESSION.

BY MIGNON.

Have you ever known that wretched species of hysterical affection called "forced spirits?"—Butler.

Ah, yes, I have!—though doomed, by Fate to sever
From all this wild and wayward heart hold dear;
Though—like an exiled seraph's wail—"forever!"
Killed, at each pause, all space with echoes drear;
Though, in the future, Joy lay coffined, carried
With funeral dirges, by the slow-paced years,
While the bright realm, where briefly once she tarried,
Shone far behind, o'er memory's gulf of tears;—

Though the dark eye, whose witchery might have won me
To brave the worst of deaths—but never, shame!—
Was fixed so sadly, searchingly upon me,
Though that deep voice so softly breathed my name;
Though *Wrong* with sweetest sophistry was pleading,
While stern faced *Right* its grimmest aspect wore:
Yet, like the Spartan boy, with vitals bleeding,
I hid my secret, though my soul it tore!

Amid the merry throng my laugh was lightest;
How jarred its strange discordance on my heart!
My cheek most richly-hued, my glances brightest,
While he leant darkly, gloomily apart.
Oh! would that, then, some sure swift dart had stricken
This anguished breast!—How gladly had I died,
To feel, in his dear arms, the death-film thicken,
And pour my love out with life's ebbing tide!

Coldly, stern Time, of human woes unheeding,
Outpointed to our gaze the parting hour;
He took my hand—ah! fatal, then, receding,
Or pausing, from that brink to snatch one flower!
With lip that smiled, though his was mute and trembling,
I bade him, carelessly, a brief "farewell"—
And none e'er guessed—so skilful my dissembling—
'Twas of peace, hope, and happiness, the knell!

# JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,

*Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.*

[This story was commenced in No. 31, Vol. 26. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

## CHAPTER XL.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

It was a generally accepted fact by this time that the young Squire had gone to America, and there were various versions of his motive for this exile. The male gossips inclined to the idea that he and Naomi had quarrelled, and that this lovers' quarrel had been the cause of his departure; the female portion of the community pinned their faith upon the young man's fickleness. He had repented of his engagement to the grocer's daughter, and had gone away to avoid its fulfilment.

"It was all very fine while his father was living, and likely to live to a hundred, and he hadn't a five pound note," said Mrs. Spradgers. "He knew that Mr. Haggard was a warm man, and he might do worse than marry Naomi; but it was quite another thing when the old gentleman went off and the property turned out better than young Mr. Pentreath had ever expected. It's only natural he should look higher. Circumstances alter cases."

The year wore to a close, and yet there came no tidings of the young Squire. There was, perhaps, no reason why he should trouble himself to write to anyone at Combhollow, argued Naomi, trying to shake off that burden of unquiet thoughts which oppressed her. He could hardly be expected to write to his old servants; he had provided for their comfort through his London solicitor. His rents were collected by a local agent and paid to the same man of business. There was no one at Combhollow who had any right to expect letters from him. He had broken away from all his old moorings, and begun a new life in a new country. He was happy, perhaps, amused and interested by the novelty of his surroundings—occupied—adventurous, a light-hearted traveller, while her thoughts of him were so full of gloom.

"Why cannot I banish him from my mind altogether?" she asked herself. "It is a sin to dwell thus persistently upon an earthly loss. 'If thy right hand offend thee, cut it off.' He came between me and heaven—for I loved him too well. Even now that he is far away, the thought of him binds me down to earth. Why cannot I forget him?"

There was another question in her mind which hardly shaped itself in direct words: "Why cannot I forget my father's face that day in the wood?"

The new year began, and there was no change in the quiet household, save a change in Cynthia which had been so gently wrought that it was invisible to the eyes that saw her daily. The minister's young wife had faded and drooped since that troubled summer-time of the year just gone. The slender figure had lost its graceful curves, the white arm was no longer round and full, the oval of the cheek had fallen, and the blue-veined lids drooped languidly over the gentle eyes, in which there was a look that seemed to plead for pity or forgiveness.

Joshua's popularity was at its height this winter. Those stirring sermons—those eloquent theological fulminations—acted on his hearers as a stimulant and a tonic. People flocked to hear him from distant villages. He was proud of his popularity, lifted up and exalted by the idea that he was bringing sinners home to God, fighting hand to hand with the devil and all his angels. He lived apart from his own household, a stranger among them, though sitting by the same fireside. It was as if they were people of old time giving shelter to a prophet. They scarcely dared speak to him, but approached him with an awful respect. It was an understood thing that he had no more to do with the business which had in years past occupied half his time and some portion of his care. James now took the helm in the commercial vessel, and felt that he was of the stuff that makes great captains. Joshua seemed hardly aware of the change that had come over his life. He was a dreamer and lived in a world of dreams.

So the year began, and it was early spring again, and Naomi felt that her youth was gone, and that the years could bring her nothing but age and death. They would come and go and make no difference in her life. They held no promise, they knew no hope.

It was March—just a year since the old Squire had been stricken with his fatal illness. The daffodils were blooming in sunny places. There was a faint tinge of green upon the hedgerows.

Naomi was sitting alone in the twilight parlor in the calm gray evening. She had done all her daily duties, and could afford to rest from her toil. She looked at the familiar scene—the glimpse of sea, the curve of the road winding up the hill towards Pentreath Grange—with sad, hopeless eyes. No bright harbinger of joy would ever come to her by yonder road, down which she had seen the Squire's funeral train slowly descending with wind-tossed plumes and scarves less than a year ago.

"I had such a strange sense of loss that day," she thought, remembering the dismal procession, and her own feelings as she watched its approach. "I seemed to know that the end of my happiness had come; that change, or sorrow, or death was near."

Twilight deepened, and the scene took a shadowy look. Who was this walking down the hill at a leisurely pace, with a careless easy gait which seemed familiar? Nay, it was familiar, for it set Naomi's heart beating vehemently; it made her cold and faint. This was no peasant returning from his work. She knew how the Combhollow population carried themselves. This tall, slim figure, so straight and yet so easy of motion, was no son of the soil, no hard-handed agricultural laborer, no fisherman smelling of tar and sea-weed, with wet raiment all glistening and scaly.

She stood up, and opened the window,—stood with the chill March breeze blowing upon her pale terror-stricken face. This time she felt verily as if she were seeing a ghost.

"He has come back," she thought. "He is not dead. Oh, foolish fear! Oh, wretched doubt of the best and truest upon earth! He is safe, and has come back again. I shall see him once again—living and happy. My God I thank thee!"

The figure came nearer. Yes, it was Oswald Pentreath. She saw the well-remembered face in the dim light. How well he looked; how strong, how brave! Travel and strange countries had improved him. His chest had expanded—he walked with a firmer step—held his head higher. And he was coming to her father's house, boldly; with no stealthy approach. He came as a man who had done no evil, and had no cause for fear.

"He is cured of his folly; he is my true and noble lover once again. Oh, God, Thou art full of mercy; Thy love aboundeth."

The familiar figure was close at hand. There was nothing but the narrow front garden between him and Naomi; yet now there was a strangeness; her heart grew like lead. The young man looked up at the house inquiringly, like a stranger who reconnoitres an unfamiliar place. He glanced up and down the street—quite empty of humanity at this moment, the solitary young woman with a basket, who had constituted its traffic a minute ago, having just gone indoors—then looked again at the house, and became conscious of Naomi's pale face at the window.

"I beg your pardon," he began courteously, "is this Mr. Haggard's?"

## CHAPTER XLI.

THE SCENE OF A SORROW-SHADOWED LIFE.

Life-long sorrows are not so keen as a sudden stab like this—an arrow that pierces the heart and kills its hope forever. It was not Oswald's voice. There was a likeness in the tone; that family resemblance so often to be found in the tones of kindred; but these tones were more decided—rougher. They lacked the poetic languor, the gentle sweetness, of Oswald's utterance. This speaker was one who had commanded men on the high seas; not the musing idler who had wasted half his life lying listlessly in summer woods, or wandering with his rod beside autumn's swollen streams.

It was not Oswald. For the space of half a minute, the surging blood in Naomi's brain almost blinded her. For an instant or so reason faltered, and she was on the verge of unconsciousness. Then the strong young soul resumed her power, and she comprehended that this was no shade from Avernus, but her lost lover's sailor brother, the Squire's runaway son.

"Yes," she answered, with a steady voice, "this is Mr. Haggard's house; do you want to see my father?"

"Ah, then you are Naomi," cried the stranger eagerly. "I think I would rather talk to you than to your father. You can tell me more. I have only just come home, and I am very unhappy about my brother. May I come in, please?"

How friendly, how dear his voice sounded in its resemblance to the voice of Oswald. The familiar tones comforted Naomi, somehow, after the bitter disappointment just now. Her heart was lifted up from its despair. Arnold had come home—Arnold would find out all about his beloved brother.

At that thought a sudden dread came upon her, like a vision of doom.

If there were any guilty mystery in Oswald's fate, would not his brother bring the deed to light? Her shapeless fears rose up like gorgons and confronted her.

She opened the door for Arnold, and stood dumbly as he came in and held out his hand to her.

"How deadly cold your hand is!" he exclaimed, "I'm afraid I startled you coming so suddenly. People say I am very like my brother. And I daresay you are anxious about Oswald."

He had gone into the parlor with her, and seated himself with a familiar friendliness close to the chair into which Naomi had sunk, scarcely able to stand.

"Yes, I have been very anxious," she said, faintly.

"I can see that. Please God, there is no real cause for fear, though old Nicholas has frightened me a little by his raven-like talk. The last letter I had from my brother was written in London, on the fourteenth of July. He urged me to come home, and said he had some thoughts of going to America, and that if he went, I was to take care of the estate in his absence, and to consider myself master, and so on, in his generous reckless way—as ready to give up all his privileges as Esau was to swop his birthright against a dish of lobscouse. This letter has been following me from port to port, and I only got it nine or ten weeks ago at Shanghai, where my ship was waiting for a cargo. I went straight to Oswald's London agent when I left the docks, but he could tell me nothing, except that my brother had made all arrangements for a long absence from England. He was to have sailed for New York on the fourteenth of August. But a thing that puzzled this lawyer fellow a little was that Oswald should have drawn no money since he left home. He may have taken plenty with him, said I—for you see Oswald was brought up to make a little money go a long way, or to do without it altogether mostly. 'So he may,' said the lawyer, 'but I find that young men generally do draw a good deal of money when they've got any sources to draw upon—and even, sometimes, when they have not. It's a way they have.' This made me rather uneasy, and I came down here as fast as those blundering coaches, which hardly do five knots an hour, could bring me. And the old house looked so lonely and dismal without Oswald, that the mere sight of it made me miserable; and then old Nicholas's raven croakings made me worse—so I came straight off to you for comfort."

"I can tell you nothing," answered Naomi, with a sigh.

"Nicholas told me you had received no letter. That's strange, certainly. He would have written to you before anyone, I should think."

"No, I had no right to expect any letter from him. I expected none."

"What! Not as his betrothed wife?"

"Our engagement was broken off some time before he went. Did you not know?"

"Not a word. His last mention of you was full of affection—not in his latest letter, by the way, but in the one which told me of my father's death. I was to come home, and be very fond of you, and we were all to be happy together."

"Yes, I know," said Naomi, with a pang of bitterest remembrance. How often had Oswald talked to her of union, and love, and happiness—sweet domestic joys which Arnold was to share!

"But why was your engagement broken off?" asked the sailor, bluntly. "Did you quarrel?"

"Quarrel? No."

"He must have behaved very ill, then."

"No, no. It was my father's wish. I obeyed my father in setting Oswald free. And he accepted his liberty—he was grateful for his release. Love does not always last a lifetime; there is a difference you see. I think that he once loved me, but——"

Here the tears rained down upon her trembling hands. Arnold drew near to her, and gently pressed one of those cold hands with a brotherly kindness.

"My poor girl—my sister that was to have been! He behaved badly, I'm afraid. There was something wild and queer in his last letter, and then that sudden resolve to go to America! I ought to have seen that things had gone wrong with him. Poor Oswald! And I expected to see him so happy with you."

"Providence willed it otherwise. I was too happy with him, I think; too much absorbed in the joys of this world."

"Why should we not be happy in this world? God would never have made so fair a world for a scene of suffering. You can't imagine—you stay-at-home people—how beautiful this earth is. The birds and animals, and reptiles, and insects are happy. All free creation enjoys itself, from its birth till its death. Why should man be wretched or the source of misery in others? Why should Providence be offended because you and my brother loved each other and were happy?"

Naomi could not answer. It was an article of her religion that Heaven disapproved of too much earthly bliss.

"But you must have known where he was going—he told you his plans, surely?" asked Arnold.

"No, I knew nothing of his intentions, directly," answered Naomi, a faint blush dyeing her pallid cheek.

"Did you not see him when he came back to the Grange in the beginning of August? He came to bid you good-bye, I suppose!"

"No, I did not see him."

"Then why did he come back to Combhollow at all? I can hear of nothing that he did in the way of business, except to pack those trunks, which he left behind him after all his trouble. What was the motive of his return?"

"Indeed, I cannot tell you," faltered Naomi, sorely distressed.

Arnold looked troubled. He got up and walked up and down the narrow parlor, as he had walked his quarterdeck in many an hour of doubt and difficulty.

"I can't understand it," he said. "It is the strangest business altogether. Why did he come back and pack his trunks, and have them taken to the coach, and why did he not appear to claim them? If he did not leave by the coach, how did he get away?"

"There are vessels that sail between Rockmouth and Bristol, are there not?" suggested Naomi. "He may have gone that way."

"A slow roundabout way for him to choose, after making up his mind to go by the coach. I begin to feel as anxious as Nicholas. Oh, my dearest Oswald, where are you, and why this mystery? God grant that he is safe and happy somewhere! God grant that there has been no foul play!"

At these words Naomi's face took a death-like hue. But the room was too dark for Arnold to see the change.

"If harm of any kind has happened to him, Heaven help the wrongdoers, for they shall have no mercy from me! I'll hunt them down. But no, I won't think it. I won't believe that he has come to an untimely end. The brother who carried me in his arms, and was so gentle and loving, and whom I loved, God knows, with all my heart, though I left him! How I have looked forward to our reunion, and counted upon it, and built upon it in all these years. And I come back to find him far away, and his fate a mystery." He threw himself into a chair and sobbed aloud, honest manly tears coming from a true and brave heart.

It was Naomi's turn to comfort now. She bent over him, and laid her hand lightly on his shoulder.

"Pray do not say that evil has befallen him," she said. "He may have changed his mind as to his way of travelling, at the last; who can tell what trifling thing may have influenced him?"

"What did he do with himself all that day?" asked Arnold. "Nicholas tells me that he left the Grange before one o'clock, and the coach was not to pick him up till after eight in the evening. Where was he? With whom did he spend his time? He seems to have no friends in Combhollow but you and your family, and he was not with you?"

"No."

"Cannot you help me to find out where he was?"

"No, I cannot."

"That's a pity. If I could only find out the people who saw the last of him here, they might enlighten me as to his intentions. I must see what I can do elsewhere. I came to you naturally for help; but then I did not know your engagement was broken off."

Sally brought in the lighted candles, and started and stared at sight of the sea-captain.

"Don't be frightened, Sally," said Naomi; "this is Captain Pentreath, the Squire's brother."

"Lor' sakes!" faltered the hand-maiden, "I took he for the young Squire's ghost."

"Is your father at home?" asked Arnold presently; "I should like to see him."

"No, it is his class night; he will not be home for nearly an hour. And I know he could tell you nothing more than I have told you," added Naomi.

"Perhaps not, but he might advise me: I have heard that he is a superior man. I should like to see him: I'll call to-morrow. Good-night, Naomi—I may call you Naomi, I hope, for my brother's sake. He told me to think of you as a sister."

"I should like you to think me so still, if you can," Naomi answered gently. And then he pressed her hand and was gone.

There was some kind of comfort in the sailor's friendliness, in this brave, strong, manly figure, suddenly introduced into the dull scene of a sorrow-shadowed life. He was so like Oswald, and yet so unlike. And he loved his brother so dearly. Oswald's fate would no longer a mystery. All those unspoken fears, which had preyed upon her like a consuming disease, would be proved vain and foolish. He was safe, he was happy in some strange land. There needed only a little energy and cleverness to find out all about him, and Arnold would supply both.

Then there flashed upon her the memory of that awful moment in the wood, when she saw her father go by with a look upon his face that seemed to her like the brand of Cain, full of awful meaning.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## A WIFE'S ORDEAL.

"I am utterly discouraged. I shall never get into business again, that is certain. All my salary as clerk is swallowed up in my expenses, and my wife has not the slightest idea of economy, or of self-denial."

"Your case is a hard one, Travers," said Elbert Long, in reply to his friend, whom he had met in the street, and who in answer to his inquiry as to how he was "getting along," had uttered the preceding sentences in tones that showed the sincerity of his words. "But, my dear fellow, I cannot stop to talk with you now. Come to my office this evening, if you can, and let us have a chat together. Perhaps I may be able to suggest something for your benefit."

"Thank you, Long. I shall be sure to come," replied Travers, and he wrung his friend's hand by way of emphasis, as they parted and each pursued their way.

There is no doubt that Alethea Howard believed that she loved Gilbert Travers, when she promised to become his wife. She had long observed and felt flattered by his evident devotion to her. He was handsome and agreeable, and so fond of her, that he was irresistible; and as his wife, she believed her ever wish would be gratified.

Travers indulged her wishes to the utmost extent after marriage. It was his happiness to do so, but when she rushed into extravagances which he knew himself unable to provide for, he ventured a kind remonstrance. It was met with passionate tears, anger, and scorn, that almost unmanned him. Some failures with houses with which he had connections precipitated the ruin that could not have been much longer delayed. Travers was an honest man, although he had weakly wronged his creditors by yielding to his wife's extravagance. So he gave up all. His effects were all sold, his furniture went under the hammer, and with the little remnant that he employed a friend to buy in, he removed with his family to a small house in one of the suburbs of the metropolis.

He had hoped that Alethea would prove a helpmate to him in the hour of trial; but harassed and distracted as he was, she met him with reproaches. She thought only of the disappointment of her hopes and the hardness of her lot; but no feeling of sympathy for the man who loved her so fondly, and whom she had assisted to ruin, ever entered her mind.

Travers sought and obtained a clerkship upon a salary, small indeed, but sufficient, with economy, to have yielded them a comfortable support. But Alethea carried her expensive habits into her retirement and poverty. She could not be made to understand that she must think of expenditure, and keep within a fixed income. It was enough for her that she was forced to live in a small house, and give up society; she never dreamed of voluntary sacrifice.

Her father and mother, who since her marriage, finding themselves lonely, had given up their establishment and taken rooms in a fashionable boarding-house, frequently visited her, and Travers soon discovered that they aided and abetted her in her course.

When, therefore, Travers called on his friend Long in the evening, he was in a state bordering on distraction. Mr. Long waited until the first paroxysm of feeling had subsided. Then addressing his friend in tones and words that he knew would prove effectual, he drew from him the story of his sorrows and disappointments, until he was in possession of all the facts.

When Travers had finished, Mr. Long sat silent a few moments, evidently revolving some scheme, while Travers looked at him as one from whom his temporal salvation was to come.

"I'll tell you what, my dear fellow," said Mr. Long, at last, looking up and placing his hand upon his friend's shoulder, "I've a famous plan in view for you if we can only make it work. The trouble is, what can you do with your wife while you're away; for my plan is this: I have a wealthy client who has extensive business relations in India. Only to-day, he mentioned to me that he was extremely desirous of finding a competent and experienced man to proceed thither and take charge of his interests. He will give a salary that, here, would seem enormous, but will not be sufficient to support a family there. I can procure the situation for you without a doubt, but it will be impossible for you to take Alethea with you. If you succeed, according to Mr. Lawson's expectations, he will give you a partnership, or a percentage upon the profits of his business, in the course of a year or two. Then you could send for your wife and prepare a home for her. And if, meanwhile, she could be under the influence of some woman of sense, wise and strong enough to lead her mind to a contemplation of her duties, I would answer for her going out to you prepared, by her long separation, to value your love and society as they deserve, and by her intermediate training, to perform her part in life like a rational responsible woman."

Travers was silent a few moments. Then he raised his head, and laying his hand in that of his friend, said:—"I accept your proposal, my dear friend, if in any way we can arrange the plan. If my sister Anne could only be induced to receive Alethea into her house, I could ask nothing better."

"Does Mrs. Travers know your sister well?"

"Yes, and likes her very much."

"Write to your sister, then, and see if she will consent. Meanwhile, I will ask Mr. Lawson to retain this situation for you until you hear."

"Thank you, my dear Long. I will do as you suggested and I think I will not mention it to Alethea until I get an answer from Anne."

The friends then separated, and did not meet again for several days. In the meantime, Travers was induced to look even more favorably upon the plan proposed, by receiving his dismissal from the clerkship in which he had been engaged. And when, at last, his sister's letter was received, assenting gladly to the proposal to receive Alethea into her family, and promising to send her an invitation in due time, his mind was relieved, although he had to look forward to a long separation from his family, and absence from his native land.

All was speedily settled. Alethea, finding that Travers was determined to go, in spite of her tears and entreaties, wisely resolved to accept gracefully the invitation of Mrs. Sanders, in whose family she was soon domesticated, while her husband was tossing upon the ocean, bound for his new home. At first she was very unhappy. She missed the tender and devoted love of her husband, which she had been wont to accept as her right, and without thought of its value. But when his letters began to arrive, breathing still the same earnest affection, she grew more peaceful. She had had time for thought. She had reviewed her own conduct, and saw much for which to blame herself; and sometimes she wondered how Travers could have loved her through all.

The experiment worked well. Travers succeeded admirably in forwarding the plans of his employer, and at the end of the first year was admitted to a share in the profits of the business. After that he prospered in everything. Alethea, too, prospered; and when her husband was enabled to send for her, she prepared to go to him with a full sense of the sacrifices she was to make, yet not shrinking from them, and ready to take her place by his side as a helpmate, companion, and friend, as a rational woman, sensible of her duties and able to fulfil them.

## A FRENCH MANAGER.

Some time since, a beautiful young girl made her first appearance on the stage of one of the minor theatres in Paris. Her grace and loveliness attracted admiration, which her rising talent promised to secure. She concluded a long engagement with the manager, giving her services for a very moderate remuneration, but which sufficed for her wants and those of an invalid mother who was totally dependent on her exertions. According to the usual custom, a clause in the contract stipulated that a forfeit should be paid in case of its non-fulfillment by either party.

Theatrical managers never fail to insert this article in the treaties signed by their actors; and it often happens that a very small salary is accompanied by an immense forfeit. In this case it was fixed at ten thousand francs (400*l.*) but the young actress attached no importance to the amount, being fully resolved to fulfill her engagement, and steadily apply to the cultivation of her powers. But, in our uncertain world, the good and prudent may sometimes change their plans as suddenly as the foolish and the fickle.

One day the young actress entered the manager's room, and announced to him that she wished to leave the theatre.

"How!" cried he. "You are the last person from whom I should have expected such a caprice."

"Indeed, sir, it is not caprice."

"It is, then, the offer of an engagement."

"It is, sir, and one which I cannot refuse. It is from an excellent young man, who wishes to marry me."

"Here's a pretty business; a marriage in question!"

"My happiness in life, sir, I feel, is in question."

"Then don't hesitate an instant; marry at once."

"But the person who has proposed for me would not wish his wife to continue on the stage."

"A fine prejudice, forsooth! What is his situation in life?"

"He is at present a merchant's clerk, but he intends to set up in business, and he will want me to attend our shop."

"My dear girl, I shall want you also to study your part in a new afterpiece which I have just received."

"Then, sir, you refuse to set me free?"

"I must think about it. At all events, you have it in your power to break the agreement by paying the forfeit."

"Ten thousand francs! 'tis very dear."

"It was very dear when you signed your name; but now your services are worth more than that."

"Alas! it will prevent our marriage!" said the poor girl, in a voice choked with tears; and with a despairing heart she left the room.

Two days afterwards, the manager was seated close to the grate in his apartment, trying with all his skill to kindle a fire. All the theatrical attendants were engaged at rehearsal, so he was obliged to dispense with their assistance.

The cashier entered, with a visage woefully elongated. The affairs of the theatre were in a critical state; the receipts had diminished; and pay-day at the end of the month approached.

"Yes," said the manager, "our situation is embarrassing. And this plaugy fire that won't light."

Astonished that he could be so indifferent under the circumstances, the cashier retired. As he was leaving the room, the young actress entered.

"Ah! is it you?" said the manager "You are coming from rehearsal?"

"No, sir; I have come to return the part you gave me to study."

"So it seems you think of quitting the stage?"

"I have brought you the forfeit."

"The ten thousand francs?"

"Here they are."

"And how have you procured this sum?"

"My intended husband gave it to me."

"Is he, then, so rich?"

"These ten thousand francs are nearly all he possessed. But he said, 'What does it signify? We shall only have to defer setting up in business; or, perhaps, I may succeed in borrowing the money."

"Going in debt! That's a fine prospect for young housekeepers! So the dowry you mean to bring your husband is want and ruin; you take from him the hard-earned fruit of his industry, and you oblige him to renounce the prospect of honorable independence!"

"Pray, sir—pray don't speak so cruelly!" sobbed the young girl.

"Have you considered that such a union cannot fail to be unhappy? Listen to reason—take back this money, and return it to him who gave it to you; and if you are absolutely resolved to leave the theatre, I'll show you a way of doing it, that won't cost you anything. Take this paper, and have the kindness to put it in the grate."

So saying, he handed her a sheet of paper carefully folded, which she threw among the smouldering sticks.

The manager watched it as the languid flame gradually curled round it, and then shot up in a flame.

"Do you know," said he, "what that paper was? It was your signed agreement! And now I have no longer any claims on your services, and consequently can demand no forfeit. Go, my good girl, and employ your little capital well, and be happy."

Deeply affected by this generous deed, the young actress expressed her gratitude as fervently as her tears permitted.

"Don't talk to me of gratitude," replied the manager; "we are only quits. See, for the last hour I have been blowing in vain at that obstinate fire; you threw your engagement into it, and directly it blazed up. Thanks to me, you are free; and thanks to you, I am giving my hands a good warming."

REGARD not dreams, since they are but the images of our hopes and fears.

## MEMORY.

FROM A LADY'S SCRAP-BOOK.

Man alone, of all the creatures in the earth, is capable of existing at once in the past, the present, and the future. In addition to his real passing existence, Memory on the one hand, and on the other Hope, each reveal a world of their own. The former carries him to the shadowy past, lifts the shroud thrown over it by time, and enables him to walk amid its mouldering ruins and withered leaves; the latter bears him forward, and is ever rearing airy castles in a future sky.

Of these precious faculties perhaps Memory is the one which man loves most to exercise. Who that has taken many steps upon the great highway of life, does not love to plunge beneath the lava and ashes of life's volcanic throes, and disinter the buried images of the past? Memory is a precious necessity—a golden key securing, and at our command opening, to us the the richest treasures,—which Mercy has left us a sweet boon to sustain and aid the mind of man, wonderful and beautiful even in its ruins. At volition, it reproduces the events of the past, and with its magic art paints its scenes in their pristine colors. In Memory's history man may read his own faithfully written biography. There, in letters of light, are recorded the events of days bright with blessings, and in letters of inky blackness, the events of days dark with woe and sin. There are all the vicissitudes which the strange and chequered scene of human life presents,—joy and sorrow, glory and disgrace, wealth and poverty, pain and pleasure,—all variously, yet mysteriously, blended, creating and recreating, darkening and brightening each other. Around the chamber of the mind are pictures, too, executed by Memory's painter. Memory is a faithful treasurer.

"Every word
Which we have uttered,—every varying tone
And e'en each changing feature, are consigned
As gems to Memory's casket. Thither flies
The lone heart in its poverty, as turns
The miser to his hoard."

How often does the heart turn to Memory's treasures for solace and comfort! Sitting in my room on this beautiful autumn evening, deserted by all my companions, who are gone to mingle with the busy throng of the outside world, my thoughts are occupied with thoughts of the past. Abroad, nature is portraying her beauties. Far in the west the drowsy day is laying his cloudy couch upon the hill-tops; the pillows of richest green, the coverlet of azure blue, the drapery of crimson, gold and violet, all the make of the heavenly artist; and the day blushes and smiles a brief adieu as he closes up the dark doors of his chambers, and sends up the star-lamps to light the earth.

And now Memory comes from the fairy haunts of long forgotten moments, disclosing the many charities that have enamelled the shaded vales of my life, and the unnumbered fancies and experiences that lie grouped along its journeying hours. Some believe not in reveries. The unfeeling, conscious-scared, money-clutching throng that move on, in the same care-worn track, and find no time for such unbendings—away with them! Blessed are pensive moments, like those of twilight, that steal over the heart, as holy comforters and playmates of bygone days.

"How every form that Fancy can repair
From dark oblivion glows divinely there!
How thy fair hand, enamored Reverie, gleans
The treasure pictures of a thousand scenes!
So with delight we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way."

METHOD.—We are in danger of ruining our promising plans, in themselves very good, by the habit of putting off till to-morrow what may be done to-day. "That letter may be answered to-morrow; that request of my friend may be attended to to-morrow, and he will be no loser." True, but you are the loser; for the yielding up to one such temptation is the signal for the yielding up of the whole citadel to the enemy. "That note and that valuable fact may be recorded in my common-place book to-morrow." True, but every such indulgence is a heavy loss to you. Every hour should be perseveringly filled up.

## FARM AND GARDEN.

STACK your straw. Somebody's stock will want it if yours does not. Its actual value is one-third that of good hay.

AGRICULTURE is the wealth of the State; everything else depends upon it. It is the noblest occupation in which our citizens can engage. It is our highest duty to foster agriculture, and to put it upon the best footing practicable. It is the farmers who pay the taxes, and their interests should be looked after above everything else.

WE find that the liquid manure question is again being discussed, and its great value insisted on. A correspondent, meantime, asks us if it is as valuable as it is claimed for it. We have simply to answer, that as an application to farms it is a failure, owing to the expense of preparing and its application. But for certain crops, as celery, or for small lawns, when the quantity required is small and the expense of little account, it is excellent and should be used wherever it can be for these purposes. Even the great London millionaire farmer, Mr. Mechi, who formerly boasted of what he effected with liquid manure, but who never gave the credit and debt statement of any of his experiments—has abandoned it as a farm fertilizer.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

TEN RULES FOR FARMERS.—1. Take good papers, and read them. 2. Keep an account of farm operations. 3. Do not leave implements scattered over the farm, exposed to snow, rain and heat. 4. Repair tools and buildings at a proper time, and do not suffer subsequently threefold expenditure of time and money. 5. Use money judiciously and do not attend auction sales to purchase all kinds of trumpery because it is cheap. 6. See that fences are well repaired, and cattle not grazing in the meadows or grain fields or orchards. 7. Do not refuse to make correct experiments, in a small way, of many new things. 8. Plant fruit trees well, care for them, and of course get good crops. 9. Practice economy by giving stock shelter during the winter; also good food, taking out all that is unsound, half rotten or mouldy. 10. Do not keep tribes of cats and snarling dogs around the premises which eat more in a month than they are worth in a life-time.

In the west, where timber is scarce and stone equally so, and where hedges are unpopular, the question most discussed is as to the best fence to adopt, and how fences are needed. The *Prairie Farmer* says there is one or more wire fences well adapted to the use of farmers, not over expensive, and will probably come into use. One thing which has been well considered, is being applied—that is the dispensing of as many interior fences as possible. Outside, or fences along the public highways, as well as line fences, are an absolute necessity, no matter what the "stock law" is, otherwise the law relative to cattle running at large in the public roads. This latter nuisance will be got rid of just as fast as farmers become convinced that it ought to be abated, and legislators are wise and independent enough to see and do their duty.

A writer in one of our agricultural exchanges says that his one cow gives all the milk that is wanted in a family of eight, and that from it, after taking all required for other purposes, two hundred and sixty pounds of butter was made this year. This is, in part, his treatment of the cow: "If you desire to get a large yield of rich milk, give your cow, every day, water slightly warm and slightly salted, in which bran has been stirred at the rate of one quart to two gallons of water. You will find, if you have not tried this daily practice, that your cow will give twenty-five per cent. more milk immediately, under the effects of it, and she will become so attached to the diet as to refuse to drink clear water unless very thirsty; but this mess she will drink almost any time and ask for more. The amount of this drink necessary is an ordinary water pailful at a time, morning, noon and night.

## DICK'S LANTERN.

Here they are—the whole flock of children—looking at the pumpkin-lantern! It is the very biggest, and grandest one, that ever was seen; so Dick thinks, who has just climbed up to show it off. Jimmy stands opposite just to take his share in the glory. Perhaps Dick has a right to be proud of his handiwork, having had a hard job digging it out, and fashioning it, with only Jimmy to help, and Jimmy isn't a bit fond of hard work. However, he answered for company, and the room over the old shed where they pursued their secret toil, was a lonely place enough in the evenings, which were the only leisure time Dick had, he being hard at work in the fields all day.

His father laughed when he told him what he wanted to do, and gave him the biggest pumpkin in the whole field.

"I used to think it great fun," he said, "when I was a boy; but be sure not to scare the little ones. Let them know what it is, at first, and then you may call it a hobgoblin as much as you choose."

So Dick and Jimmy fitted in the candle, and set the great head up under the tree. It was terrible to behold, especially from one spot down the road, where they stopped to look back. They went on up to the house, after Walter and little Dan, and their only sister Maggie, from whom the whole matter had been kept a secret—they wanted to surprise them. Walter had often heard of those heads of fire, though he had never seen one. He could not help being a little frightened at first, though he saw Dick and Jimmy, marching straight up to the grinning object. However, he soon overcame his first fear, and danced about in wild delight. Danny could not be coaxed up to it at first. He ran back to Maggie, and stood clinging to her dress, while she comforted him, as only a motherly little sister knows how to do.

As for Carlo, he was wild with excitement, and jumped, and frisked, and barked, like the craziest of little dogs, as he was.

Suddenly Dick thought of a new plan; he would set his pumpkin lantern on the very top of the chimney of the old farm house. That would be so high up that the fiery eyes and grinning mouth would be far more terrible than when viewed close at hand. So he carried it carefully to the house, meekly followed by the whole train of children, while Dick ascended to the garret they remained below, to watch the effect. He appeared presently, creeping cautiously through the trap-door in the roof. They fairly groaned with delight, as he rose to his feet, and set the pumpkin on the corner of the chimney. On the side where the children stood watching, they saw the head through the branches of a large tree, which added to the effect.

Presently the father came up to the house. He stopped to see what the uproar meant.

"You must watch it," he said, "for fear of fire, though I suppose the roof is still wet from the last rain." After a while the whole five perched themselves upon the great horse block in front, nestling close together to keep warm, for the October evening was rather chilly.

They sat there, chattering and laughing; by-and-by they heard steps down the road.

"Keep still!" whispered Dick, "every one of you; there's somebody coming."

A couple of Irishmen, it proved to be, judging by their conversation.

"If it's work yer after, Pat, this is the best counthry iver ye see. It's plinty, an' wages good. Here's the house, Misther Scott's it is, shure. Go intilt and inquire. He's a nice jintleman, maybe he'll be afther hirin' ye!"

"Do ye think I'd be afther settin' me foot in a house loike that?" said Pat, indignantly, "shure an' that's the very ould fellow himsel', rarin' his head out o' the chimney and grinnin'."

"Howly mother! an' all the saints! he's afther us!" screamed Pat, and both went clattering down the road at headlong speed, never stopping to look behind them.

Dick happened to be looking at the fiery head, at the very moment when it started, so he knew what had alarmed the men. Possibly the wind, which blew just then in a sudden gust, had dislodged the pumpkin. At all events it leapt down from the chimney, then rushed on to the edge of the roof—there the candle went out, and he could see it no longer, but he heard something strike the door-step with a hollow sound.

The children all went up to look at it, as it lay on the stone, shattered by the fall. That was the end of Dick's famous Pumpkin Lantern.

### THE SOURCE OF LOVE.

Swedenborg wrote some coarse things about unfortunate unions; but few men have written as sweetly and tenderly about conjugal love; and he, among many, maintains that love always begins from the woman. This, of course, means love as an effluence, or confessed power in the intercourse of a human couple. In other words, it is the woman throwing the lasso of love round the neck of the man. Swedenborg's account of his vision is very droll:—

"The fact is, nothing of true love originates in man. That it proceeds from woman was clearly shown me in the spiritual world. I was once conversing there on the subject, when the men under the secret influence of the women stoutly affirmed that they loved, and that the women were simply moved by their passion. In order to settle the dispute, all the females, married and unmarried, were completely removed, whereon the men were reduced to a very unusual condition, such as they had never before experienced, and of which they greatly complained. While they were in this state, the women were brought back. They addressed the men in the most tender and fascinating manner; but they were indifferent, turning away and saying, 'What is all this fuss? What are these women after?' Some replied, 'We are your wives,' to which they rejoined, 'What is a wife? We do not know you!' whereat the women wept. At this crisis of the experiment, the feminine influence broke through the impervious crust which had been permitted to enclose the men, when instantly their behavior changed, and they heartily acknowledged the women. Nevertheless, the women subsequently converted them to their former opinion, admitting that possibly some small spark of love might pass from the man into their breasts."

### MY WONDERFUL CURE.

BY DR. JAMES ELLIS.

Everybody has at some time in his life known a physician, and experienced that blind trust in his skill which we call "confidence." One's physician is, or ought to be, his friend; and, under the sanctity which is thrown over their relations to each other, these men stand apart from the world. Never in the course of my practice (and I am an old man now) have I had occasion to regard my patients in any light but that of deep and disinterested sympathy.

But I had no idea of discussing the duties and relations of patients and physicians when I began these pages. I wished simply to relate an incident which occurred during my practice, which will show the good effects arising from such confidence as I have spoken of, and the simple and perhaps trivial causes which may give birth to this feeling. A look, a word, may cause it; and, when once awakened, it may do more than all the skill the world can boast.

When I was a young man, I had the good fortune to settle in the town of Riverdale, during an epidemic. I had just come from London, where I had been "walking" the hospitals; and I had thus been called upon to treat several cases of the very disease that was then ravaging Riverdale. This gave me a decided advantage over the other physician in the town, who, though an old man, and possessed of great ability, was an entire stranger to the complaint. When I learned this, I called on Dr. Wormley, and proposed to him to form a partnership. I offered him satisfactory references, and told him that I felt capable of handling the epidemic successfully. The doctor promised to consider the matter.

I knew the epidemic could not continue long; and I felt sure, that, during its existence, I could render to Dr. Wormley services of sufficient value to justify the connection I proposed. And I knew also, that, after the sickness disappeared, it would be greatly to my advantage to have such a position. I had to fight my way up in the world, and it would be much easier to do so as Dr. Wormley's partner than alone and single-handed. I therefore awaited his decision with considerable anxiety.

After deliberating for two days, he called, and informed me that he was willing to enter into a provisional engagement with me, to last until the sickness which was prevailing had disappeared. If, at the end of that time, we were mutually satisfied, he would enter into a formal partnership with me. Believing firmly that "half a loaf is better than no bread at all," I accepted the proposition, and at once entered upon my duties. The sickness did not abate for two months; and during that time I made a fine reputation, and succeeded in winning the personal regard of Dr. Wormley, so that the return of health to Riverdale found us not only partners, but fast friends.

I had been in Riverdale five years when the case which I mean to describe came within my practice. I have always regarded it as the most wonderful and important that I ever had charge of.

I was sitting in my room one night, wondering if I should be called out again before morning, when my partner came in.

"Ellis," he said, when he was seated, "I have a strange case in hand. It perplexes and baffles me, and I want you to put your wits to work to help me out of the difficulty."

From what he told me, I learned that his patient was a young lady of about twenty-five. She was the daughter of a gentleman of wealth—a German—who had been compelled to fly from his native country in consequence of having published a pamphlet which had drawn down upon him the wrath of the Government. The young lady was gradually fading away; but, from what cause, Dr. Wormley could not tell. The case baffled him, and he wanted me to go with him the next day to see Gertrude von Heine, as his patient was named.

The next day I accompanied him in his visit to her.

Never had I seen a lovelier being than Gertrude von Heine. As she lay back in her large cushioned chair, she seemed more like an angel than a human being. Her soft blue eyes and golden curls made her look inexpressibly beautiful. She could not speak English; so I was forced to communicate with her through her father, who conversed with me in almost as pure Saxon as I could command. I could detect only a slight fever, and a singular, melancholy look in the eyes. The heart and lungs were as sound as my own. I was perplexed. I questioned her father closely as to her habits and mode of life.

"Ever since we left Germany," he said, "she has been so. She cannot speak English, as you see; and, as I am the only one in Riverdale who can converse with her in her native tongue, she is almost entirely cut off from the world. She talks of the Rhine all day long, and dreams of it at night."

I watched Gertrude closely as her father replied to me. When he spoke of the Rhine, I saw her eyes light up joyfully, and then fill with tears. The whole case was now plain to me, and my resolution was formed on the instant. The girl was suffering from *nostalgia*, a species of deep and sometimes fatal melancholy, caused by her absence from her native country.

Taking my partner aside, I told him this.

"Now, if you can spare me for a month," I said, "I will give my whole time to the study and care of this case, and will take it at the end of that period. I think I can guarantee a cure."

Fortunately there was not much sickness in the place at that time, and I was not needed there. My partner consented to the arrangement, for his deepest sympathies were enlisted in behalf of his patient. M. von Heine was delighted when I informed him of my determination; but, when he communicated it to his daughter, she only smiled sadly, and shook her head.

I left Riverdale immediately, and hastened to London. Arriving there, I took lodgings with a German family that I knew. I also employed the best teacher I could find, and for one month, night and day, devoted myself exclusively and untiringly to the study of the language. I had studied German when at school, but had given it up, and was now surprised to find how quickly it came back to me. I was always quick at languages; and my hard studying, and the practice which I had in the family in which I was boarding, enabled me, by the end of the month, to converse with comparative ease.

Having accomplished this, I returned to Riverdale, and at once took charge of the case, my partner resigning it entirely to me.

"I am glad you have come, doctor," said M. von Heine. "Poor Gertrude is getting worse, and thinks she is about to die."

"I have no fear of that," I replied. Then, turning to Gertrude, I said, in German, "Be of good cheer; you will not die."

She sprang from her seat with a joyful cry.

"Oh! you speak German!" she exclaimed, delightedly. "I am so glad."

I shall always believe that my first words to her saved her; for, as she afterwards told me, they at once inspired in her a feeling of confidence in me, which she could not resist.

I sat conversing with her for an hour, and then left, promising to call the next day.

It was my plan to administer no medicines; and what I gave, in order to quiet her anxiety, were simply harmless doses of flour and colored water. I relied principally upon diverting her mind from its painful thoughts, and turning it into fresh, healthful channels. I spent all my evenings with her, drove her out in my phaeton on fair afternoons, planned excursions for her, and taught her to read and speak English, while she helped me to perfect my German.

My treatment was successful. She improved steadily from the first. The light came back to her eyes, and the color to her cheeks; and at last she was as bright and as merry as she had been in the fatherland. Her father looked on with delight, and overwhelmed me with his grateful thanks.

During all this time I studied Gertrude's character closely. I found it as lovely as her face. She was as innocent and as artless as an infant, and trusted me in everything. Day by day, as her character unfolded itself to me, I grew more interested in her, until I found that my heart had gone clear out of my keeping into the care of hers. Nor did I love in vain. She returned my affection; and now, after a lapse of forty years, I turn from this page, and meet her gaze, which is as full of trust and tenderness as on the day I made her mine. I spoke frankly to her father, and received his consent to our union. He said he owed her to me, and could not refuse me my reward.

About a year after I was first called to visit Gertrude, Dr. Wormley asked me, with a knowing smile, "Well, Dr. Ellis, how is your fair patient? Is she getting well?"

"So well," I replied, "that in two weeks she will be Mrs. Ellis."

The doctor broke into a hearty laugh.

"Bravo, partner," he exclaimed, merrily. "We shall yet owe you some of the sublimest discoveries in the healing heart. By Jove! you have used a novel remedy. You are called in to see a sick girl, and you cure her by making love to her. But I fear the treatment you have adopted in this case will effectually prevent you from undertaking another like it."

He was right. In a fortnight I lost the power of trying such a remedy again; but I have never had cause to regret having used it in this case.

### THE CHILD AND NATURE.

FROM A MOTHER'S DIARY.

The expressions of the emotions of young children, when first viewing the grand scenery of nature, affords a rich treat to the penetrating observer. At eight months old, my child, on being carried to the door during a fall of snow, contemplated the scene with an appearance of deep attention. He had learned enough of the use of his eyes to form some conception of the expanse before him, and to perceive how different it was from the narrow confines of the apartments of the house. The falling snow, with its brilliant whiteness and easy downward motion, was strange and beautiful; and when he felt it lighting upon his face and hands, he held up his open mouth, as if he would test its nature by a third sense. A few weeks after this, he was taken, on a bright winter's day, to ride in the park. The carriages, the horses, the companions of his ride, the trees and shrubs loaded with their brilliant icy gems, and the people whom we passed, all by turns received his attention. If he could have described what he saw as it appeared to him, and the various emotions caused by these objects, the description would have added a new page in the philosophy of mind. How often are the beauties of nature unheeded by man, who, musing on past ills, brooding over the possible calamities of the future, building castles in the air, or wrapped up in his own self-love and and self-importance, forgets to look abroad, or looks with a vacant stare. His outward senses are sealed, while a fermenting process may be going on in the passions within. But if, with a clear conscience, a love of nature, and a quick sense of the beautiful and sublime, we do contemplate the glorious objects so profusely scattered around us by a bountiful creator, with the interesting changes which are constantly varying the aspects of these objects, still our emotions have become deadened by habit. Pour in knowledge gently. Pluto observed that the minds of children were like bottles with very narrow mouths; if you attempted to fill them too rapidly, much knowledge was wasted and little received; whereas, with a small stream, they were very easily filled.

Those who would make young children prodigies, act as wisely as if they would pour a pail of water into a pint measure. We do not, however, admire what is familiar to us, and, therefore, it is, in many instances, that we must be ever ignorant of the true native sympathy between our own hearts and the external world.

### HERE AND THERE.

A READING man has written an essay on "Hustles." And some hustles project sufficiently to enable a man to write an essay on 'em very easily.

A WISCONSIN editor blows about the La Crosse hotels, and the *Sun* of that city asks him what he could tell about a hotel bill of fare by licking a salt barrel out on the sidewalk.

A TRAMP was recently met by a hospitable farmer in Westchester, who asked him if he wanted work. "No," r plied the tramp; "what I want is a bloody shirt and plenty of money."

A GENTLEMAN just returned to this country from a tour in Italy, was asked how he liked the ruins of Pompeii. "Not very well," was the reply; "they are so much out of repair."

A LADY asked the gardener why the weeds always outgrew and covered up the flowers. "Madam," answered he, "the soil is mother of the weeds, but only stepmother of the flowers."

A MAN in Boston, in his hurry to assist a fainting lady, got a bottle of mucilage instead of camphor and bathed her face with it. She was a good deal stuck up with this attention.

DEAN SWIFT, hearing of a carpenter falling through the scaffolding of a house which he was engaged in repairing, dryly remarked that he liked to see a mechanic go through his work promptly.

AN old lady gave this as her idea of a great man: "One who is careful of his clothes, don't drink sperets, ken read without spelling the words, and eat a cold dinner on washing-day without grumbling."

"IT has been the problem of my life," said Potter, "to know how they get soda-water into those fountains. When you turn the faucet it flies out tremendously, but how it was poured in stumbles me."

"No man," said a wealthy but weak-headed barrister, "should be admitted to the bar who hadn't an independent landed property."—"May I ask, sir," said Curran, "how many acres makes a *sciencere?*"

THE alderman who was lately injured by the accidental discharge of his duty, is reported to be in a fair way of recovery. He says he'll never be caught that way again while in the full possession of his senses.

TOM (to Jack, who had just received a letter). "You look precious down, old man. Nothing wrong, is there, with the rich old aunt who's been so bad. I hope she's not worse." Jack—"No-o-o—she's better!"

"HOLLO, Pat! What's the matter? Is there anybody ill here?" said a gentleman to an Irish laborer, who was engaged laying tan in front of Fishmongers' Hall. "No, sir," replied Pat, "there's nobody ill just now, but there'll soon be a few ill patients for the hospital. There's to be a moighty fine dinner here this evening."

"CAN you speak German?" inquired a merchant of a young gentleman applying for the position of foreign correspondent. "N—o, n—o—t exactly," was the reply; "but I have a brother who can play the German flute."

"SO," said a lady recently to an Aberdeen merchant, "your pretty daughter married a rich husband." "Well," slowly replied the father, "I believe she has married a rich man, but I understand he is a very poor husband."

THE New Orleans *Bulletin* says: "Potter says the invention of elastic cloth for gaiters has done more for Christianizing America than the Brooklyn churches. The amount of blasphemy current over knotted shoe-strings once was fearful."

"OF course," says a returned summer tourist, "one in the country sees, among other things, barefooted maidens tripping o'er the dewy grass, but then most of 'em have sore heels, and the romance fades away like a washing left over night."

"MRS. HENRY," said John, the other evening, "why are you like the Devil?" And when she went for him with the needle he had hardly time to save himself by a quotation about "sowing tares"—the other reasons he prudently kept to himself.

DR. MARY WALKER thinks the scheme of making gentlemen's trousers so voluminous in the nether limbs this year is to force her into abandoning them; but she says she intends to hang on to them as long as she don't have to slip 'em over her head.

A WYOMING jury, composed of seven men and five women, were shut up for two days and two nights, and yet they couldn't agree. It is said that if they had remained out for seventeen years there would have been no verdict, as the five women talked the seven men deaf in the first six hours.

THERE was a little gathering the other evening, and a lady with the desire to christen the conversation asked a young man if he never felt a deep and subtle thrill, a fullness of feeling, so to speak, that reminded him of another life. He said he had once. It was when he was in the country, and the doctor called it cholera morbus, and charged him $4 a visit.—*Norwich Bulletin.*

THE following advertisement recently appeared in a Western paper:—"A father wants to find a school for his son where a manly and useful education will be given him, and where the teachers do not fill the heads of their pupils with humbug stories about nations that died and were buried thousands of centuries ago, not a citizen of which could either command a steamboat or keep an hotel."

ALEXANDER DUMAS, the younger, when a student in the Quartier Latin, desired to make a good repast with a companion, and found on examining his purse that it contained only five francs. "Wait," said he to his companion, "while I run upstairs and borrow five more from my father, and with the ten we shall dine like princes." "Well," inquired the waiting man on his return, "have you got the ten?" "I haven't even got the first five," answered Dumas, ruefully—"my father is better at borrowing than I."

A NEW YORKER while journeying the other day, was recognized by another citizen doing business near the Bowery, he being also away from home on business, and after a little preliminary conversation, the first remarked:

"Well, I hear that you had to make an assignment."

"Yes, dat is drew," replied the other.

"And your brother, over on Chatham street, he assigned too, didn't he?"

"You see it was shust like dis," said the Bowery man. "I vas owing a goot deal, and Jacob he vas owing a goot deal. I makes over my stock to Jacob and Jacob makes over his stock to me, and I do his peesness, and he does my peesness, and dem vellers vhat was after money doan get some!"

"COMING across the Channel the other night," said a traveler, "I got to chatting with a German, and asked him what he was doing."

"Vell," he replied, "shoost now I am doing nodings, but I have made arrangements to go into bizziness."

"What are you going into?"

"Vell, I goes into partnership midt a man."

"Do you put in much capital?"

"No. I doesn't put in no capital."

"Don't want to risk it, eh?"

"No, but I puts in de experiance."

"And he puts in the capital?"

"Yes, dat is it. We goes into pizness for dree years; he puts in de capital, I puts in de experience. At de end of de dree years I will have de capital and he will have de experience."—*German Exchange.*

#### How to Grow Cheerful.

Disease is in a great many—perhaps the majority—of instances the underlying cause of mental depression. It will almost invariably be found, for instance, that hypochondriacs are dyspeptic, bilious subjects, and all persons who have had any experience of such cases are aware that sufferers from disease of the kidneys and bladder are especially subject to fits of despondency. The sure way to overcome depression is to try a course of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a cheering cordial which is peculiarly antagonistic to the "blues," as well as to the causes which produce them. This popular and efficacious corrective of a disordered condition of the system remedies the most obstinate cases of indigestion, biliousness and constipation, overcomes disorders of the urinary organs, purifies and enriches the blood, and restores vigor to the body as well as elasticity to the mind.

The American House, Boston, has always been a favorite stopping place for Westerns (Southern) Merchants, and in its ample rotunda the visitor may always find representatives of almost every State in the Union. The boot and shoe trade especially are appreciative participants in its comforts, and probably more negotiations in the matter of leather fabrics are made within its walls than in all the other hotels in the city combined.

*Western or Southern, according as papers are West or South.

FOR any sufferers from intestinal disease, especially if the sufferer be an infant or young child, we can heartily recommend Imperial Granum, the advertisement of which will be found in another column. It is no quack remedy, but a scientific preparation of the gluten of wheat, which acts solely upon the nutritive system, building up and strengthening, in many cases, where medicine is powerless.


**DR. J. H. SCHENCK,**

Of Philadelphia, has actually compounded a medicine of purely vegetable ingredients, which is proved by experience to have all the good effects of Calomel, and none of its mischievous qualities. This invaluable medicine is comprised in SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS, which are found to be a never-failing remedy for all Diseases of the Liver, and every other disorder for which Calomel is usually prescribed by Allopathic physicians.

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**Sarsaparillian Resolvent,**

THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER

FOR THE CURE OF ALL CHRONIC DISEASES, SCROFULA, ULCERS, CHRONIC RHEUMATISM, ERYSIPELAS, KIDNEY, BLADDER, AND LIVER COMPLAINTS, DYSPEPSIA, AFFECTIONS OF THE LUNGS AND THROAT. PURIFIES THE BLOOD, RESTORING HEALTH AND VIGOR; CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.

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WILL CURE MORE COMPLAINTS, AND PREVENT THE SYSTEM AGAINST SUDDEN ATTACKS OF EPIDEMICS AND CONTAGIOUS DISEASES, THAN ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS EXPENDED FOR OTHER MEDICINES OR MEDICAL ATTENDANCE.

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OUR COUNTRY

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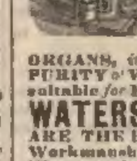

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## THE FASHIONS.

The Fall cloaks have appeared, and a very marked difference in style is shown. The paletot style seems to be given the preference. We have seen several made for the early season, of black navy blue, and seal brown cloth, trimmed with folds of silk and fringe. Others have only buttons and pipings of silk. Some short jackets have appeared, somewhat in the form of the English walking jacket, having a double-breasted front and three rows of buttons. Many of the most expensive of the cloaks are of *matelasse* silk trimmed with fur, or else very deep fringe. This fringe is generally silk with a heavily knotted border; sometimes intermingled with crimped tape, and chenille.

We have seen some very handsome

DOLMAN CAPES

made of cashmere, and lined with flannel, then afterwards with silk. A braiding of *soutache* is put around the border, and below that, either heavy fringe, or a deep lace.

A pretty jacket of brown cloth, has a trimming of brown fur, about two and a half inches wide; and also large button-moulds covered with seal fur to close the front. Cuffs and collar and pocket-flaps of seal fur, complete the trimming. If a seal-skin turban is worn with this jacket, and also a muff of the same fur, the effect is very good. Cardinal red is the prominent color. Even in muff linings, and facings to cloaks does it appear. It is certainly a very rich and charming tint, and as the cold days come on it will be very appropriate, giving a warm look to costumes.

We have seen suits made of navy blue *damasse*, with dark cardinal buttons and bows of ribbon. For the street we think this combination too flashy. For home toilets, brightness is admissible, but for the promenade, graver tints will naturally suggest themselves. We are glad to chronicle the fact that black is as popular as of yore—for nearly all occasions. Nothing can be more elegant than a rich, black silk suit.

We have seen a very handsome suit, made with a long polonaise trimmed with a box-pleating of silk, and buttoned down the front. Four rows of small buttons are placed down the middle of the back of the basque, giving a stylish effect. The sleeves are the plain coat sleeve, with fanciful cuffs at the wrist, and a row of small buttons down the outer seam of the cuff. A round standing collar finishes the neck very neatly; inside of which is a full ruche of *crepe lisse*. Another of dark blue *damasse* stuff, had a basque and overskirt; the latter long and overlapping in front; with a trimming of knife plaited navy blue silk around it. Small buttons in quadruple rows, are placed down the back and front of the basque, and knife pleated cuffs finish the sleeve. A knife pleated ruche finishes the neck.

A costume of seal brown cashmere, trimmed with a silk of a shade darker is made with two box-pleated flounces on the under skirt, one of silk the other of cashmere. Between the box-pleats of the silk flounce are placed buttons covered with cashmere, and on the cashmere flounce, buttons of silk. The overskirt is long and plain, being hemmed by machine, in three rows of stitching, and has also a pocket laid in pleats, and made of silk and pointed rivers of cashmere. The basque is plain cuirass, with three cords of silk at the bottom, and has three rows of silk buttons up the front and down the back; silk collar and cuffs, with pocket flaps, set on above the tips.

For a girl of ten or twelve years of age, a pretty suit is shown in two shades of dark green, the materials being silk and cashmere. The underskirt is of silk, with a knife-pleated flounce of cashmere, and one of silk, just above it. The sleeveless polonaise is of cashmere, corded down the seams, and at the bottom with silk. A deep-pointed pocket of silk, and sleeves, cuffs and collar of silk finish the waist. A sash of dark-green gros-grain ribbon, put in a pointed form about the waist, and tying on the left side, is worn with this dress, or else dark cardinal-red.

A turban of dark-green felt with a band of peacock feathers about it, is a very suitable hat to accompany this toilette.

Boys of eight and nine wear cassimere and other cloth suits made with jacket, pants and vest; but little boys of from four to six, wear the kilt suits, made of linsey cloth and also of serge and cashmere. We have seen many of these made of debege in brown and dark grey. Sailor suits of navy blue flannel are also popular. No white is used to the trimming of such, as was formerly the custom, but dark blue or black facings and braid.

There is a tendency to revive the glossy tarpaulin hats for little boys and girls to accompany such suits. These are stylish and also very durable, and commend themselves to economical mammas.

In French jewelry there are very beautiful imitations of pearls shown; lockets, breast-pins, ear-rings, etc., being made in pretty shapes, and entirely covered with them.

Coralline necklaces with crosses attached, are very much worn by young girls.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The high pointed hats of rough braid are very popular, and daily increasing in favor. Black is the favorite shade.

Long veils of dark blue and green grenadine are worn around the hats for morning and travelling purposes.

Gloves of undressed kid, with four or five buttons are fashionable.

Byzantine jewelry it much affected.

Long panier bustles are in vogue.

Navy-blue, brown and cardinal linen collars and cuffs "are all the rage," also white ones bordered with these colors.

Striped silks are no longer very popular.

Narrow silk ties with embroidered ends are much worn.

"Peasant waist" belts of Turkey morocco and Russian leather, laced down the front point with a silk cord and tassels, are among the novelties—they fasten at the side.

Thanks are due Messrs. Horner & Colladay for information received.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

"St. Josephs."—1st. The panters worn are very long, and lace up down the middle on the under side. Some persons, who are fond of extremes, wear very large ones, but we cannot commend such a style. The more modest ones are in better taste. 2d. The dressing gown will be pretty made of gray repstrimmed with plum colored silk, neatly quilted in diamonds. Have a revere down each side of the front. Have cuffs, collar, and pockets of the quilted silk. Have a wide, flat silk cord and heavy tassels for the waist. 3d. Washing the hair in a weak solution of ammonia and water, is good for what you complain about. 4th. We do not know of any certain remedy, except to dye it, and that is always accompanied with more or less danger, from the lead used in such preparations. Grey hair is very fashionable now.

"Annie C.," Louisville, Ky.—Do not mind what your jealous friend says, your matelasse wrap will be very much admired when worn with your handsome silk suit. 2d. Get a toque hat and trim with velvet and cock's feathers. 3d. Your plaid ulster is fashionable; let it be long and loose, with many outside pockets, and a wide belt, fastening in front.

"Kitty L." (Marietta, Ga.)—Make your alpaca suit after the blue *damasse* one described in our fashion article to-day, or also the brown cashmere suit trimmed with silk.

Get a brown straw turban hat and trim with cock's plumes and ostrich tips.

Jeannette.—Cardinal-red can be used for a married lady's wardrobe as trimming, certainly. Make bows for the basque.

NIRON.

### LEEDLE YAWCOB STRAUSS.

I haf von funny leedle poy,
Vot gomes schust to my knee;
Der queerest schap, der crookedt rogue
As efer you dit see;
He runs, und schumps, und smashes dings
In all parts off der house—
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He got der measles und der mumbs,
Und efery ding dot's oudt;
He ahvays mine glass off lager bier,
Poots schnuff into mine kraut;
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese—
Dot was der roughest chouse.
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a drhum,
Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schildicks to beat it mit—
Mine vracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
He kicks oup sooch a touse—
But, nefer mind, dot poys vas few
Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions, sooch as dese:
Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmooth place oudt
Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
Vene'er der glim I douse—
How gan I all dese dings eggsplain
To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I sometimes dinks I schall go vild
Mit sooch a crazy poy,
Und vish vones more I gould haf rest
Und peaceful dimes enjoy;
But ven he vas schleep in bed,
So quiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "dake any dings,
But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

## YOUR BIG MOTE AND MY LITTLE BEAM.

BY G. GIDEHALL.

Said my aunt Jemima, with emphasis, "I do *detest* shams and deceitful people above all things."

We two were standing at the library window, this loveliest of June mornings, watching the exodus of a guest who has made a call. Now my Aunt Jemima, or "Aunt J." as I reverently term her, being in general what she herself would call an "outspoken person," and much given to forcible language, is very amusing to me when she begins; so by way of drawing her out I only laugh instead of answering. "What are you laughing at, Kate?" she demands, eyeing me with a certain superiority of glance, as she twitches off her glasses, and gives a vindicitive little slap with her handkerchief at an innocent leaf which had rashly ventured to desert its parent stem, a rose vine, chambering about the open window and float into the room to "litter" her spotless carpet, under her very eyes.

"What are you laughing at, Kate?" reiterated she.

"Oh, nothing, Aunt J., only a thought crossed my mind.

"Humph! Suppose you give us the benefit of it, since it is so amusing," and so saying she plumped herself down into a comfortable chair, and resumed her interrupted crochet and parable. "Such a woman now as that Emmeline Smoothway is, to be sure, I never saw. I wonder if she thought I believed that pack of nonsense she was pouring into my ears a bit ago, about her husband's business increasing so rapidly that 'really he would be compelled either to enlarge the store he is now in or move into a larger building,' when every one knows the man is on the verge of bankruptcy, brought there, like enough, by her extravagance. The idea of his wanting a 'large establishment.' Humph! I guess his own is big enough, in all conscience—likely he won't need any long. And when I asked her sarcastically enough 'whether she intended spending the season at Saratoga or Long Branch,' she put on that everlasting simper, and said, shrugging her shoulders affectedly, 'Oh, we are so tired of the Branch,' and all that sort of thing. 'We have been there so often. Percy's going to give a real treat this summer; he has planned quite an original tour through the Eastern states; and, perhaps, we will wind up with a glimpse of Niagara and a flying trip to Europe. One needs a tiny dose of the Continent now and then, to freshen one up, you know.'"

"Stuff and nonsense; Did the woman think me green enough to swallow all that fanfaronade? Did not Martha Jones tell me yesterday that the Smoothways are going to Connecticut to board with Emmeline's old Aunt Hepsibah, who lives on a farm and takes her own butter and eggs to market? That's your 'original tour,' for you."

"Poor thing," said I.

"Poor thing, indeed!" sniffed Aunt J. "Deceitful thing, you had better say. Why don't she come out honestly and own to the truth—that her husband is a ruined man, and they have to curtail their expenses or else be sold out by the sheriff, instead of lying about it."

"Takes more moral courage than she possess to do that sort of thing, I suspect," returned I.

"Humph! moral courage! That is not all; the truth is not in her, that's about it. What is the woman afraid of, I would like to know? Of losing 'summer' friends? Nobody, whose opinion is worth caring for, would think any less of her for losing her money, I hope."

"Don't know about that, Aunt J. This is a green world. Even if it is only 'summer' friends, who desert us when our 'riches take wings,' it is hard enough to bear. 'Summer' friends are pleasant and bright, and we don't like to lose them."

"I don't mind losing friendship based on a shifting heap of gold-dust. Let such go, say I," quothed Aunt J., righteously indignant.

"Oh, I agree with you as to the principle of the thing; but I do contend that popularity and prosperity are mighty pleasant things to have and hard to resign. It takes a stout heart indeed to stand and watch unshrinkingly, one's goodly ships go down with all the golden freight, won by years of toil—down, out of sight, beneath the dark waters of failure. To see one's home pass into stranger's hands, whose careless touch despoils one's Lares and Penates. Hard, indeed, is it to go down uncomplainingly into a lesser life, a sphere of uncongenial toil and struggling. It takes a braver heart than the one which beats in poor Emmeline Smoothway's bosom, Auntie."

"Nonsense! That's why I despise her. You may think all you've said very fine and full of sentiment about 'ships going down,' and so forth, but plainly-spoken people take a different view of life, Catharine."

I knew Aunt J. was immensely disgusted when she called me 'Catharine,' so prudently forbore reply, while she, warming with her subject, went on:—

"I don't pretend to say I am not sorry for people who have trouble and meet it as they ought; but for such shams as Emmeline Smoothway's, I have not a spark of pity. I have come from a truth-loving, truth-speaking family, which makes me all the more surprised to hear you speak as you do, Catherine," and she glanced disapprovingly at me.

"Oh, Aunt Jemima, I think it is so hard to judge others impartially, that troublesome 'beam' of ours does so blind us, that we cannot make out the exact size of their 'mote.' As to truth, I reverence it; all the same, I don't believe anybody speaks it entirely—that is 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.' I am afraid I don't always; and quite sure I would not care to hear it 'unvarnished,' at all times."

"Well, Catherine, I am surprised at your sentiments. It's well your poor father, who is dead and at rest in his grave, can't hear you. He, as good a church member as never missed a Sabbath from meeting, unless he was sick!" And Aunt J. rejoicing, shook her skirts indignantly, as though the very atmosphere had become contaminated through my heresy.

"When you catch me telling falsehoods and practising shams, let me know will you?" and away she whisked to relieve her outraged feelings by inspecting the preparations going on below for dinner. Left to myself I fell a-dreaming. The clear, white muslin curtains, 'fresh and fair to see,' rose and fell with the gentle pulsing of the summer wind, disclosing far vistas through the vine-shaded windows of deep green fields, with woods beyond and meadow lands interlying. Faint, delicious odors of roses,—June roses, heliotrope and geranium leaves, floated in like incense. A big, blue-bottle fly had buzzed and tumbled about the roses, peeping in at the open casement until at last he found himself inside, and utterly perplexed as to how he would ever get out again; so thundering and humming about the walls and ceiling, he droned such a somniferous tune that I could scarcely keep my eyes open. Fortunately to the rescue came the summons to dinner, for Aunt J., despising innovations, adhered to the ways of her forefathers, and dined at noon. Dinner being a meal of much state and perfection in her house, it did much towards soothing her ruffled mind, and by the time it was over, the harmonies were fully restored, and we were chatting amicably.

We again sought the library, Aunt J. setting herself in the biggest and easiest of all the big, easy chairs in that attractive room, and resting her feet upon a mossy footstool, began to grow dreamy. Her remarks were fewer, further between with less emphasis of gesture and voice of the contradictory sort, and perhaps an increase of the acquiesent kind, for it became noticeable that her periods rounded themselves off into nods—stately by turns, by turns abrupt. Finally her head sank forward, then back, rested against the chintz-covered cushions and she slept.

My thoughts reverted to the topics of the morning, and our poor little visitor. I had listened with a sort of pity from my corner as she disgusted Aunt J. with her forlorn little efforts to make things appear other than they were. I remembered the dark lines under the pretty, shallow eyes, the anxious quiver of the weak mouth, as she glanced nervously at Aunt J., to find out if she could, the effect of her fictions, and while I despised the weakness, I could not but wonder whether, exposed to the same temptations and influences, I would act more blamelessly. At any rate, let us not cast stones until more sure of our own sinlessness.

A tap at the door recalled my wandering thoughts, and caused me to start so suddenly that letting my book fall, I aroused Aunt J.

"Come in!" called I, recovering myself and book, and in the door stood our comely Jennie, the "maid."

"What's the matter?" snapped Aunt J., in that tone of irritation peculiar to the period "between waking and dreaming."

"Oh, 'm, if you please 'm, there's Miss Martha Jones a comin' up the walk an' I just thought I'd run an' let you know, 'm, before she got in." And courtesying, Jennie looked at me for approval of her wise course.

"Right, Jennie," said I.

"*Who* did you say was coming?" snapped Aunt J.

"Miss Martha Jones, your well-beloved aunt," said I.

Now be it known, Miss Martha is, and has been as long as I can remember, Aunt J's special gossip and chum, and *my* pet aversion.

"Martha Jones! of all people! Whatever brings the woman here at this hour of the day." And Aunt J. glanced reproachfully at Jennie and then at me.

"Never shake thy gory locks at me, and say I did it," muttered I, *sotto voce*, in answer to her look. "Here Kate—Jennie—see if my cap is on straight; that woman has the eyes of a hawk. Save me from my friends, say I. Hark! there she is! Why Martha, dear, how are you? Take off your bonnet and sit the afternoon. No, I won't take any excuse. Here, Katie, child, take Martha's bonnet."

"Dear me, Jem, I really can't stay more than a minute, I was just passing by, and thought I'd just stop and have a bit of a chat with you," feebly remonstrated Miss Martha, taking good care the while to untie her bonnet and give it to me. No shams here, I hope, thought I, as I took the horrid old black bonnet; and then went out to give some orders to cook, concerning an extra supply of strawberries for short-cake,—that unwholesome dainty being a specialty of Miss Martha's, and during the season for it, Aunt J. always managed to have it for tea when Martha "dropped in."

When I returned to the library, I found the two together in close and head-shaking council over some weighty matter. Retiring to my corner—by the way, I specially affect corners and like to sit quietly observant in them of the by-play of human life and passions going on around me. I was not wrong in surmising that they were discussing our guest of the morning, and concerning whom Martha had no end of information to give. How or where the woman gained her knowledge of other people's business, was past my ken until I heard her mention "Susan" once or twice as authority. Now Susan is her maid-of-all-work, and intimate with the Smoothways' chamber-maid—at least, her mistress said so. Then I began to have an insight into "how these things are done."

Miss Martha's keen little black eyes were twinkling with delight, as she related item after item of the misery of that tottering household; rolling bits under her tongue as "sweet morsels" such as: "And you can picture to yourself, my dear Jem, the scene at dinner, when Percy Smoothways announced the fact of his ruin to his wife and daughter, and that the house would have to be sold. Oh, they say, she went into raging hysterics, and Maud, the dainty darling, who can't hem her own handkerchief, flew into such a rage, and upbraided her father to that degree that he swore he would cut his throat if they did not hush, and went off without tasting a mouthful, cursing and wishing to heavens he'd never married!"

"Serves him right, and her too," put in aunt J—— "him for marrying such a little fool as Emeline Delaney—and her for her airs and stories!"

"Yes, indeed!" echoed Miss Martha, bitterly, "and I remember to have heard aunt J—— say once, that Martha Jones had never forgiven Percy Smoothways for preferring Emeline Delaney's pretty face to hers."

"Well, I pity him," continued Miss Martha, "but not her, she needs to have her pride taken down. I guess she had a reason in coming to see you this morning, Jem, maybe they'll ask you to lend them money," added she maliciously.

"Humph! let 'em try it!" returned aunt J——, grimly. "She did not make much by her fanfaronade this morning, except to arouse Catherine's sympathy," and aunt J—— gave a nod of disapproval over to my corner, which was not lost upon Miss Martha.

"What do you think, Martha, Catherine advances the idea that everybody tells stories, more or less."

"Mercy on us, Jemima! and Miss Martha raised her hands in holy horror. "I do hope you don't include aunt Jem and me in your sweeping assertion, Catherine!"

"I don't descend to personalities in such things, Miss Martha," I replied coldly, for of all things, I dreaded to bring down aunt J—— and herself upon my devoted head in a storm of argument; such a contradiction of themselves—of me—of everything—both talking at the same time. Bless me! it makes me shudder even to think of it! My brain would dance and reel in sheer bewilderment when they were done; and I would emerge from the choking dust of argument, dazed, but unconvinced, and afraid to say so! I could not help asking the question of Miss Martha, not unmingled with a certain tone of irony.

"Did you never deviate from the severe path of unvarnished truth in your life?"

"Me?" asked she, with hands upraised in virtuous horror, "Me? Not I, indeed, Miss, I can assure, you. I'll just prove it to you. You know Maria Mode, Jem?" Aunt Jem nodded affirmatively and with sympathetic emphasis. "Well, the other day she rushed in to show me a new bonnet, her sister had sent her from Paris. 'Isn't it a love? Isn't it becoming, Miss Martha?' she rattled away, never stopping to take her breath. 'Not a bit of it,' said I, 'its too young for you by ten years or more; makes you look sort of old mutton, dressed lamb-fashion.' Now which one of her friends do you suppose would have had the courage to tell her that, Catherine?"

"Yes, who indeed?" chimed in aunt J——, nodding triumphantly at me.

"And I can tell you, Maria was furious, said everybody had admired it but me, and she guessed there was a green-eyed monster loose somewhere. The idea of me being jealous of the likes of her!"

"Well, I do not think that a fair proof of infallible veracity, Miss Martha," I ventured to reply, "since it only involved the wounding of your friend's feelings, nor called for any sacrifice of your own; it's not always a very severe affliction to damper the pleasure of another to, some people——"

"Well! Well! Humph to-be-sure! What *are* we coming to? I suppose you mean that as sarcasm at me, Miss Catherine!" returned Miss Martha, with her little black eyes snapping viciously. "That's the doctrine of this age, Jemmia, no respect for years, any more, from the young! I was not aware before—this with a melancholy and nasal whine, accompanied by premonitory sniffs, and much display of a big handkerchief—that it was *my* practice to go about wounding my friends, and dampening their joys!"

"Catherine, you are *rude*!" said aunt J——, in severe rebuke, which never fails to outwardly annihilate me. I subsided and sank back, dumb, but with my mind pretty entirely engaged. Miss Martha still wore her injured look; sniffed yet more effectively, and applied a consolatory handkerchief.

"How's your rheumatism, dear Jem?" she next essayed in a plaintive tone.

"My *what*?" ejaculated the person addressed. "*Rheumatism!* who said *I* had the rheumatism?"

She *did* have it, too, "like fifty," as the boys say, only she would never own to it—and the surest way of making her rise in her wrath, was just to hint at its existence near her joints. This Miss Martha either did not know or in her rage with me had forgotten.

"Oh—I beg your pardon, dear Jem, I thought last week you were poorly with it," faltered she, with much alarm over her rash speech.

"You thought—you had better be sure of a thing, Martha Jones, before you assert it for a fact. I had a *stiff neck* from sitting in a draught, if you call that rheumatism!" retorted aunt J——, rocking violently, and quite red in the face.

"Oh, no, no, no, Jem, of course not; certainly not rheumatism! but at our time of life we must be careful about draughts."

"*Our* time of life, humph!" muttered my aunt; "speak for yourself, if you please, Martha Jones—your six years ahead of me!"

"Two, Jem, only two," murmured Miss Martha, deprecatingly.

"Six—Martha Jones! You'll be siding with Miss Catherine here next, and tell me I speak falsehoods to my face!"

Miss Martha quailed before the storm she had so unwittingly raised, and shaking her head from side to side, murmured humbly, "No, never, Jemima, never, no indeed! oh no——." Then turning to me with a sickly smile, said by way of creating a diversion, "Pray what *is* your age, Cath—er—ine? Somebody asked me the other day, and I could not rightly tell."

"Twenty-five," I responded with a brevity worthy of Abernethy.

"Twenty fiddlesticks!" snapped aunt J——, "you're twenty, Miss, and not a day beyond! I ought to know; why Maud Smoothways is just of an age with you, although her mother vows she's only seventeen!"

I again sank back in silence, what is the use of appealing against aunt J——'s assertions?

Miss Martha, anxious to be reinstated in court-favor, takes up the diversion with warmth:

"Maud Smoothways seventeen! Come, I like that now! She'll *never* see three and twenty again. And as artificial as her mother! Why, I am told, that she paints her face, and makes her brows like any play-actress," (this latter term expressing to Miss Martha's mind the lowest depths of human depravity) "and as to her hair and figure—I wonder she can hold up her head under that load of braids and curls pinned on—and my Susan says you ought to see her without the help she gets from her dressmaker, to make her look round and plump. Well, if there is one thing I hate more than another, it is these deceits in dress! Just as my Maker has fashioned me, so I am," whined she in conclusion, with upturned eyes.

"Oh," thought I, "why do you wear such fearfully glossy, unnaturally white teeth then, and smile so widely to display them," but you may be sure I *only* thought it.

"You are about right there, Martha, answered Aunt J——, appeased. "I am always trying to impress it upon Catherine, here, that nature unadorned is the truest beauty. But, no; she never minds a word I say, and must needs powder her face and wear false hair with the best of them."

"Oh, aunt J——, why do you dye your hair, then, and why does Jennie receive such charges about combing up the thin locks, to cover that 'widening path,' visible on top," I long to ask, but refrain.

"Powder your face! Cath—er—ine I am amazed!" And Miss Martha's hands flew up as though some one had pulled a string from behind, and worked them.

"Yes," I answered, demurely, "only with Lubin's best *Poudre de la Vidette*, however."

Miss Martha can find no words to express her horror over my hardened wickedness—she can only look at aunt J—— and shake a mournfully prophetic head, which was responded to in like manner by her vis-a-vis.

A silence intended to be felt, falls upon us for a moment or two, then Miss Martha begins:

"Jem, dear, did you know dear Mrs. B the blood had returned from Europe?"

"No!" said aunt J——, with animation, "did you, Kate?"

"Yes," I answer.

"You *did!* And pray why didn't you mention it?"

"Because I thought you disliked her so much; you know you used to say her affectations and airs were insupportable."

"I said that? I did no such thing," burst in aunt J——, reddening with emotion, of what kind I could not decide—shame or wrath. "I regard Mrs. Blueblood as one of my dearest of friends—and as to Blanche and Alice, where would you find lovelier girls?

"Oh dear!" thought I, "how we do change! Haven't I listened by the hour to these two, dissecting that woman and her young-old daughters"—but that was before they went to England to claim the fortune their old uncle or cousin, the brewer, was good enough to die and leave to them.

"What was the name of Mrs. Blueblood's uncle who left her that magnificent estate in England, Jem," asked Miss Martha, with an air of friendly interest, "was it the Marquis of—of—I can't think at this moment."

"Of Malt and Hops, wasn't it, Miss Martha," I meekly put in,—whereupon Miss Martha almost committed herself by a ready acquiescence, but is checked in time by a keen look from aunt J——, who fixes me with her glittering glasses, and prepares to hurl thunder-bolts—when to the rescue comes Jennie, all smiles and white apron—"If you please, now, Miss Jemima," cook has sent up the short-cake, an' teas all ready, an'—an' the cake as hot as steam, an'——"

"Oh, come along, by all means," urges Miss Martha, "before it chills," and suiting the action to the word, away she bustled ahead of all.

"May the Lord bless this food to our use; and preserve us from the temptations of the Evil One, the deceits of the world and the flesh; and make us truly thankful for our mercies!" prays aunt Jemima, in her old-fashioned way of asking a blessing before we eat.

"A—a—men—" responded Miss Martha, devoutly, with her eyes upon the smoking short-cake. "Amen," whispered I, under my breath.

## IS LOVE BLIND?

There is nothing so clear-sighted. It exalts our natures to their highest capability, enabling us to decipher truths which are illegible to the normal sense. It has given moments of impassioned eloquence to the coldest. We are strongest when we love, because love is not only the most energetic but the most elevating of passions. We see most clearly then, because our perceptions are all intensified by the intensity of the feeling. We are affected as in mesmerism, and love is the clairvoyance of the heart. But there is always a meaning in old adages, and that of "Love is Blind" there is a truth. The blindness spoken of is blindness to all consequence, disregard of all collaterals, reckless oblivion or contempt of whatever is foreign to it. The intensity of the shadow is proportioned to the intensity of the light. Everything which comes within the rays of love is wondrously vivid; the rest is darkness. Love sees all it cares to see. It is not blind; but it will only look straight forward. A horse is not blind when blinkers are put on to prevent his seeing whatever goes on at his side. All energetic passions act as blinkers.

## SCIENTIFIC.

THE San Francisco *Chronicle* says: "Friday afternoon the new gun patented by Leonard and De Vry, and christened "Peace Conservator," was exhibited at the Pacific Iron Works. The prompt action of the instrument, delivering seventy shots in four seconds, and 1,050 shots in one minute, through a thick oak barricade, proves that it is one of the most terrible death dealing inventions ever known. The machinery is simple, easily worked, requiring but few attendants, who are perfectly protected from their adversary's bullets, and can be transported with much greater ease than an ordinary six-pounder. The bullets from this terrible machine will, it is claimed, diverge 300 feet in 1,000 yards—the distance claimed that it will effectually deliver shots—and can be easily worked by one person in any direction, or made to shoot almost solid. For narrow defiles it is proposed to be equal to 3,000 infantry, and for combat on the battle field equal to three batteries of regular artillery."

THE refuse matter from tanneries is now utilized to such an extent and in such a variety of ways, as to constitute a source of great profit. Thus, the glue pieces are used for two purposes, the principal of which is the manufacture of gelatin and isinglass, thousands of tons of the scraps being annually sold for this purpose. The dry untanned portions find their second utilitization in paper making, and they are also used for the manufacture of pickers or hammers for knocking to and fro the ever-flying shuttle. Ordinary sizes is made from the flesh refuse of the hide, and is extensively employed by paper hangers, cotton spinners—to give firmness to the thread—and carpet manufacturers. Makers of inferior clothing and blanketing mix the hair with wool, thus rendering the fabric heavy but without increasing its warmth-retaining capacity; the hair is also used in the fabrication of horse cloths and railway rugs, and even the cheap so-called sealskin jackets are made in England from this material. The lime grounds or deposit form an excellent manure, and the spent tan is not only useful as fuel, but has lately been substituted for charcoal in the manufacture of tin plates.

M. BERARD, of Paris, is the inventor of a process for the direct conversion of pig iron into steel by using gases in a reverberatory furnace with movable bottom placed in a peculiar manner. By means of an oxidizing or reducing action, regulated at will by the operator, and acting in the metal bath by the help of dipping tuyeres, the decarburation of the pig iron is moderated with mathematical precision, and the waste reduced to a minimum. The puddling, in a measure mechanical, is effected by the blowing in of air and gases, bringing constantly together the metal and the slag, which facilitates the elimination of foreign bodies injurious to the quality of the steel (such as sulphur, phosphorus, &c.), allowing thereby the use of pig iron of an inferior quality in obtaining certain products. By the means adopted for the production of gases, as well as for their application, the exceptionally high temperature is developed, which is indispensable for the production of certain qualities of steel. The steel obtained from this high temperature, and under the action of hydrogen, without the injurious effects of an oxygenous cementation, has special qualities of resistance, malleability, and welding. Under the aforesaid conditions of manufacture, steel ingots may be obtained easily at the price of iron.

WHAT has come to be known, in England, as the *Times* weather chart, is really an ingenious invention; and, though the method of preparing such a chart seems simple enough, it has been the fruit of much thought—as the problem of producing, in the space of an hour, a stereotype fit for use in a Walter machine was not solved without many and troublesome experiments. In the first place, a material had to be provided which would admit of being engraved rapidly, without burr or chipping, and would, without further preparation, serve as a model for type metal; and then drill pantographs had to be adapted to engrave the lines, and to be furnished with a guage so as to vary their depth at pleasure. The actual process is as follows: The outline of the land is kept standing, and the composition is run in a mold bearing this outline on one face. The block, which is now an outline chart of the British Islands, is then placed under the pantograph drill, which reduces the original drawing, furnished from the meteorological office, to one-fourth. The barrow-grams and wind arrows are put on direct from the drawing, the figures and words by means of templates, in order to insure uniformity in the type. The instant the block is engraved it is ready to be stereotyped, and it is then easily adapted, in the usual way, to the cylinder of the machine.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

R. S., (Camden, Ala.)—To make one's self strong and muscular is not always within one's power. Some persons are constitutionally weak and thin, and never become otherwise. But if anything can improve the health, it is plenty of out-door exercise, with a careful diet and regular habits of living.

P. GRAHAM, (Ozark, Ark.) writes:—"At what publishing house can I purchase *Interlinear Translations* of the latin classics; i. e. Hamiltonian system?" Any of the large publishing houses in this city or New York can furnish them to you. The better course would be to apply to the nearest bookdealer and let him procure them for you.

J. T. R. (N. Tumbridge, Vt.)—*Au revoir* is a French phrase, and means "till we meet again." Lafayette's full name was Marie Paul Joseph Roch Yves Gilbert Motier, subsequently Marquis de Lafayette. The former names conferred in infancy indicated his hereditary connection. The single name "Lafayette" marked his place among the aristocracy.

A VICTIM (Woodstock, Va.) asks:—"Will you please confer a favor by giving me a recipe for taking mildew out of linen?" Wet the linen which contains the mildew with soft water; rub it well with white soap, then scrape some fine chalk to powder and rub it well into the linen; lay it out on the grass in the sunshine, watching to keep it damp with soft water. Repeat the process the next day, and in a few hours the mildew will disappear.

LEMOND, G. M.—"Could you tell me the meaning of the three balls hung from a pawnbroker's shop, and what they originated from?" There is no particular significance attached to the sign of the three balls. In ancient times the first money lender hung in front of his door the sign of his family crest or coat-of-arms, which was three balls, and other money lenders, emulating his example, adopted the same sign, and hence, it came to indicate the calling of a pawnbroker or money lender.

FLOY asks:—"Please inform me through the columns of your paper what the 'American Literary Bureau' is, where it is located, its objects, and who are its members; also, what constitutes a person a member?" The American Literary Bureau is a private association, or company, formed for the purpose of effecting engagements between lecturers, readers, singers, etc., and lecture and concert committees throughout the country. It is located at Cooper Institute, New York City. If you will write to that address any desired information will be furnished to you.

JUNIUS, (Doylestown, Pa.)—"Has any gentleman," asks our correspondent, "a right to pay decided attentions to a lady for a length of time, with a view of making her his wife, if he can win her, without asking the lady whether the continuance of his society would be agreeable to her or not?" Yes. If his "society" would not be agreeable to the lady, she would give him to understand that fact, and could get rid of him at any time. The fact of her accepting and permitting his "decided attentions for a length of time" would indicate that they were not disagreeable to her.

C. P., (Germantown) asks: "What form of expression should be used in asking a lady to take your arm in going from the drawing-room to the dining-room?" A gentleman, on offering a lady his arm, to escort her from the drawing-room to the dining-room, merely say: "May I have the honor?" or something of that sort. There are no axed rules of etiquette in such cases, because so much depends on the degree of intimacy subsisting between the two. As a matter of course, a stranger or mere acquaintance must be more formal in his conduct than an old acquaintance or an intimate friend.

LOUISE E., (Syracuse, N. Y.) "I am very poor and my mother is and has been for a long while an invalid. A wealthy gentleman has been paying attention to me and recently proposed, but, as I did not love him, I rejected his offer. My mother was very angry and said that my action was simply a girlish whim. Did I do right?" You of course did right in rejecting the offer of marriage which was made to you by the man whom you did not love; but, at the same time, it is not to be wondered at that your invalid and impoverished mother felt annoyed about it, and argued that it would have been better for you to have accepted as your husband a man of wealth and respectability, than to indulge in what she unkindly imagined to be "a girl's foolish whim." A person who has long been ill, and has suffered the discomforts of straightened circumstances, cannot be expected to look upon such matters with the same sentiments which naturally control the young and hopeful.

C. C., (Atlanta, Ga.,) asks: "Can you inform me when and where women first appeared on the English stage? I have an idea that in olden times it was not customary for women to become actresses." It has not been clearly established when women first appeared on the English stage. Pepys relates in his "Diary," under January 1, 1661, he went to the theatre, and saw the "Beggar's Bush" well performed. "The first time," says he, "that I ever saw a woman upon the stage." Davenant's actresses are generally considered as the first English performers; but from what Pepys states, Killigrew had female performers months before Davenant opened his theatre. It was at Gibbon's Tennis Court, Claremarket, London—which had been opened at the restoration of monarchy, after the long theatrical blank under the reign of the Puritans—that Pepys witnessed the piece. It had been customary for young men and boys to act the parts of females. At length, in the restoration of the stage, it was thought that the public might perhaps endure the "indecorum" of female acting, and the venture, we believe, was first made at Killigrew's theatre, in Vere street, London, on the 8th of December, 1660, a lady acted *Desdemona* for the first time. Who that lady was no one has been able to discover.

NETTIE writes:—"Can you tell me of any remedy for pimples on the face? What is the meaning of Bonanza? Am eighteen years old, do you consider me a marriageable age? Have several chances, one is a doctor, rather good looking and intelligent, but of a jealous nature. One is a young man who is very good looking, but is very wild, but I think he will change. Which one do you think I had better choose? What dress would be most appropriate for a wedding dress in a country place?" For removing pimples, take sulphur water one ounce, acetated liquor of ammonia one quarter of an ounce, liquor of potassa one grain, white wine vinegar two ounces, distilled water two ounces. Bathe the face. Pimples are sometimes removed by frequent washings in warm water and prolonged friction with a course towel. "Bonanza" means a "rich mine." You are doubtless old enough to marry, but, from the tone of your letter, we do not consider you sufficiently experienced. Whenever indecision arises, as to the selection of a partner for life, it is better not to make any choice whatever, until one becomes more capable of making judiciously. We would advise you to choose neither of the gentlemen in question, unless you love him above everything on earth, and feel that a union with him is necessary to your existence, and in no event will it be admissible to select a wild young man whose reformation is based on a future promise. If a change is to be effected, see that it is done before you marry him, and even then, wait long enough to feel assured that there is no danger of the reappearance of the old habit. You are young enough to remain single for at least five years, and as indecision is evidently a characteristic of your disposition, you had better wait until you know your own mind. White is most suitable for a wedding dress, or, if a bridal tour is to be taken immediately after the ceremony, steel gray or dark brown would be more appropriate.

FAN writes: "Will you please have the kindness to suggest some real tip-top name for the handsomest little black rug that ever ran. Something aristocratic, you know, none of your common names; nothing I can think of is good enough. If you will answer this in your correspondence column I will be no end obliged to you. Now give us a regular stunner, won't you? She is just suffering for a name." We are sorry that so admirable an animal is allowed to undergo untold anguish when the simple designation of "Foil" or "Mariah" might alleviate her suffering. In some parts of the country such a case must certainly warrant the intervention of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. We are rather averse to the introduction of aristocracy in our free country, even in the distribution of names, and besides, we are at a loss as to the name proper for a "situation," since we do not know what a "stunner" is, and the additional fact that the "stunner" in question is a "regular" one is seriously inconvenient, for, while the name we should suggest might suit an "irregular" stunner, it might be positively objectionable when applied to a "regular" one. "Sitting Bull" and "Hell Gate" are quite popular now, but, we daresay, are not sufficiently aristocratic for your purpose. How would "Flying Scud" or Penelope" suit you? "Black Diamond" would be a shining name, and "Hold the Fort" or "Sweet By-and-By" at least familiar. Gold-dust," "Carlotta," "Angelique," "Princess Thule," are rather pretty. We hope you may be suited.